

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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Col. Fergusson.

Bishop Taylor-Smith.

The King.

Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Duke of Connaught.

## THE KING AND HIS GRENADIER GUARDS: THE BENEDICTION OF NEW COLOURS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

On June 26 the King presented new colours to the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. The old colours were trooped for the last time, the new colours were blessed by Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General of the Forces, and then the King, with a complimentary speech, handed the new colours to Colonel Fergusson. On the call of the Duke of Connaught, three cheers were given for his Majesty.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Coronation in Norway has an interest somewhat beyond its obvious or superficial interest. Its most obvious interest, the interest that secures it attention in the great part of the daily Press, is, of course, that of being a royal function. Yet even as that a coronation is superior to all ordinary forms of royal news; if only because it is royal. Kings are never so happy or so genuine as in connection with their coronation, because the coronation rites were invented by men who believed in monarchy, and the intoxication of the atmosphere makes even monarchs believe in it. To be always attending his own coronation would be the best fate for a King; except, of course, the fate of never attending it at all. That, however, would be a burst of rebellion for which the majority of monarchs are much too meek. There have been, I am told, examples of men who have run away from their own weddings; but I never heard of a King who had the moral courage to run away from his own coronation. It sounds like the beginning of one of the delightful royal romances of Mr. Anthony Hope.

Then, of course, among the lighter interests of the thing is the racial, ethnological, and archaeological interest. I understand that many rugged aboriginal customs of the Kings of Norway were revived on this occasion. I regret that there is no mention that at any of the State banquets they observed one sound old Scandinavian custom. I mean that by which the guests, having gnawed off all the meat, threw the bones at each other. But perhaps this was done so much as a matter of course and in the automatic way of etiquette that the reporters did not think it worth while especially to mention it; just as journalists at the Royal Academy dinner would not trouble to say, "Sir Edward Poynter then drank the toast, not out of the bottle but out of his champagne-glass"; or "Mr. Balfour resumed his seat, omitting to put his feet upon the dinner-table." Nobody mentions what everybody does: that is why all human history is false.

But there is really in the Norwegian incident an interest of a much more real kind. It is a sort of small picture of the tendencies of Europe as a whole. This independence of Norway is the success of a cause that has been quietly working in Europe for a very long time past; but it is the success of a cause which everyone has long been in the habit of regarding as futile, impractical, sentimental, hopeless. It is the success of the unsuccessful. Throughout the whole of our time and generation it has been the fashion to say that the age of small nationalities is over; that the passion of Poland or Hungary is only the afterglow of an idle but irrevocable sunset. Sociologists tell us that these nations had, in two senses of the same phrase, been destroyed for good. I mean that they had been destroyed for ever, and that they had been destroyed for their own benefit. The great Empires were strong; the little nations they absorbed were weak; Nature had spoken. But within the last few years Nature has spoken and said some very unexpected things. Our eyes have seen the consummation of the strength of Russia. Our eyes have seen the consummation of the weakness of Norway. For Norway is, if we take history as a whole, as strong a case as any of the helplessness of the weak nation in the grasp of the strong one. Norway has been as sad and silent as Poland throughout the centuries during which Sweden was as central and as splendid as Austria. If Sweden has grown weaker, it only proves how very easily these strong nations grow weak. But no one will deny to Sweden her dominating position in European history. No one, surely, will pretend that the Austria of Francis Joseph is essentially stronger than the Sweden of Gustavus Adolphus. No one will pretend that the Russia of Kuropatkin is so much firmer than the Sweden of the great Charles. The moral seems to be that these small nationalities will probably everywhere break loose again and probably survive the empires that have swallowed them, just as the sturgeon who swallowed Hiawatha died before he had digested his dinner.

I know quite well what is the immense and general mistake which makes it difficult for people to believe this. We cannot believe that small nationalities can be successful because small nationalities are always sentimental. And we have not observed the real world sufficiently carefully to notice that sentimental people always are successful. It is also true that successful people are always sentimental; as everyone knows who has ever talked to a self-made butcher. And the reason is very evident. A sentiment is the only thing that can reach success, because sentiment is the only thing that can survive failure. Even defeat does not defeat it. But if the ground of choice be not sentiment but success, it will be as wavering and unstable as success is. A man can trust in his cause when he is unlucky; he cannot trust in his luck when he is unlucky. Hence the people we call "unpractical" are generally the people who get what they want; they go on asking for it. But the people who are called "practical" are really only those too mild and too pliable people who do not presume to ask for any-

thing except the things which they are told they can obtain. The dreamers get what they want. The business men only try to want what they get. See this (for instance) in the extraordinary Irish people, who have been called unbusinesslike visionaries for a century. By being persistently and implacably visionary they have succeeded in getting from a Tory Government a more revolutionary land reform than any Englishman dreamed of obtaining for England. Yes, the dreamers get what they want; but the dreamers know what they want; and what one wants can only be discovered in dreams. But nothing except their fixed and invulnerable sentimentality could sustain them through the black hour that comes to all such enthusiasts, when everything in heaven and earth seems evidently to have written their doom. But a man does not yield when the mere universe has turned against him; he yields when his own heart has turned against him. We surrender, not when circumstances are miserable, but when we are miserable. As long as a man is not a pessimist it does not matter how much he is a failure. He will survive that strange midnight in which is born the strangest and most awful kind of optimism. All failure is a failure of internal happiness. It is said that the last straw breaks the camel's back. But this is only because the camel has the hump.

It is a gratifying and excellent fact that another attempt should have been made to reproduce the mystical drama of the Middle Ages in the form of the old "Chester Mysteries" produced by the English Drama Society. But there is something odd in the fact that when we reproduce the Middle Ages it is always some such rough and half-grotesque part of them that we reproduce. I do not wish to compare the Mysteries of Chester with the Mystery of a Hansom-Cab. Both are popular mysteries; but, as is commonly the case, the mediæval is the more intellectual. But why is it that we mainly remember the Middle Ages by absurd things? We remember Henry I. not by the First Charter, but by the dish of lampreys. We forget that Henry VIII. was intellectual, but we remember that he was fat. I do not mean that miracle plays are merely absurd: though they sometimes were. But I mean that we neglect the rest. Few modern people know what a mass of illuminating philosophy, delicate metaphysics, clear and dignified social morality exists in the serious scholastic writers of mediæval times. But we seem to have grasped somehow that the ruder and more clownish elements in the Middle Ages have a human and poetical interest. We are delighted to know about the ignorance of mediævalism; we are contented to be ignorant about its knowledge. When we talk of something mediæval, we mean something quaint. We remember that alchemy was mediæval, or that heraldry was mediæval. We forget that Parliaments are mediæval, that all our Universities are mediæval, that city corporations are mediæval, that gunpowder and printing are mediæval, that half the things by which we now live, and to which we look for progress, are mediæval. We remember the Philosopher's Stone, but we forget the philosopher. It is as if six hundred years hence all the works of Herbert Spencer should be regarded as ridiculous, but "The Belle of New York" should be revived for a reverential audience.

It may be said that it is scarcely fair to parallel even a popular religious play with a popular frivolous play like "The Belle of New York." This is true: but even here the comparison is less remote than might instinctively be imagined. For, as a matter of fact, "The Belle of New York" was a religious play. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," it concerned itself very considerably with the Salvation Army. Its treatment of that body may have been frivolous or, at least, inadequate: some people might, for all I know, say the same of Mr. Bernard Shaw's. But this is, at least, evident: that no man could really understand even "The Belle of New York," far less "Major Barbara," without some sort of historic notion of what was the real nature of the evangelical theology and enthusiasm in the Anglo-Saxon world in the nineteenth century. Yet we attempt to revive, nay, we believe ourselves to participate heartily and completely in, the religious plays, the religious farces, the religious pantomimes, the religious charades, of the Middle Ages, without once asking ourselves seriously even what was their religion. The mediæval civilisation was not a thing of ignorance or barbarism. It was far too logical, far too intellectual; its fault was that it had come to too many and too final philosophical conclusions. In fact, it was very like Herbert Spencer, in some ways the most mediæval of modern men.

I doubt whether Miss Billington, for instance, the lady who has gone to prison for her political excitability, is aware that her logic has been anticipated and exposed in the dim volumes of a mediæval schoolman. Miss Billington denied that a Court of Justice had any authority to try her. The last person who made this modest claim was, as far as I remember, Charles I.: I do not suggest any similarity in the circumstance or in the sequel. She based her denial on the ground that the laws are not made by women, and so should not be enforced on them, which seems an exhilarating prospect for female poisoners, baby-farmers, mistresses who thrash servant-girls, and mothers who kill their children for the insurance. But the essence of this view of authority was answered long ago, in what some people call the Dark Ages. It was St. Thomas Aquinas (I think) who pointed out that authority is the same as authorship—in *auctore auctoritas*. We owe a certain respect to human society, just as we owe a certain respect to parents, because without them we could not have been. In merely walking about the street unmolested we are accepting the parental care of the State. The State has given us life in preventing us from being murdered: without the law, I might be dead; with the law I must be law-abiding. It is only on one exceptional and unpleasant occasion that the policeman comes bodily forward and lays violent hands on Miss Billington. All the rest of the time the policeman (like a modest lover) watches unseen over Miss Billington's safety.

## THE "SEA-SERPENT" APPEARS TO THE SCIENTIST.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.)

VERILY the perversity of mankind passeth all understanding! And if there be any who would challenge the justice of this aphorism, let him reflect for a moment on the fact that we talk of the Phoenix as if it were real, and of the sea-serpent as though it were a purely mythical beast! But the sea-serpent is probably himself to blame for this, inasmuch as he is indiscreet enough to show himself from time to time to those who go down to the sea in ships. Hence, as with other distinguished mortals, everybody who has occasion to cross the ocean burns for an opportunity to boast an acquaintance with this distinguished dweller in the deeps.

Naturally, "land-lubbers," out of pique and jealousy, belittle the experiences of those who profess to have seen this monster, and yet live! But, as a rule, in their efforts to crush, they have to use weapons obtained at second-hand: weapons borrowed from other ocean travellers who assure us, on their own experience, that the sea-serpent is a creature vainly imagined, a figment of the brain, a thing born of after-dinner orgies; it may even have a semblance of reality, but when analysed it proves to be nothing more than a school of porpoises playing at "follow-my-leader," a gigantic cuttle-fish vainly waving its long arms in an endeavour to escape the grip of some hungry whale! On occasions, indeed, the sea-serpent has turned out to be nothing more interesting than a floating spar decorated with a tangle of sea-weed!

A vast amount has been written about the sea-serpent, but of all the stories that have been told, it is sad to reflect that those of clergymen "surpass in wildness of elaboration even the yarns invented with intent to deceive." At least, so says Mr. Frank Bullen—and he ought to know!

One or two of the more serious accounts are worth repeating. No longer ago than 1891, one Peter Nelson, a quartermaster, and therefore "an honourable man," saw from the deck of the *Rotomahana* a beast with the head of an eel and fins ten feet long rise thirty feet out of the water. It was dark above, and white below. He gave a long account of this strange beast, yet, so far, those whom he intended to convert only reply that it was "very like a whale"—in short, that he saw nothing more than a whale "breaching."

Captain McQuhae, of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, and his officers, in 1848 created a great sensation in England by a sea-serpent story which at the time was discredited by the late Professor Sir Richard Owen. But time brings its revenges, for it may turn out that the Professor was wrong. Briefly, he reported having seen an enormous serpent with head and shoulders some four feet out of the water, and some sixty feet of its body on the surface. It passed rapidly so close to the ship that a man's features at the same distance could easily have been distinguished. It had no fins, but something like seaweed washed about its back.

Now within the last few days the honour of the captain and his officers, or rather, their credit as observers, has been singularly vindicated, for at the last meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. E. B. Meade Waldo and Mr. M. J. Nicoll described a creature seen by them from the deck of the Earl of Crawford's yacht, the *Valhalla*, which bears a remarkable resemblance to that seen from the *Dædalus*. These two gentlemen, accompanied Lord Crawford as naturalists during his usual winter cruise. Both are well-known naturalists, and one is a member of the Council of the Zoological Society. The story they unfolded to a breathlessly excited assembly of the Fellows is briefly this. When off Para on Dec. 7, 1905, at 10 a.m., they were standing on the deck of the yacht, when their attention was caught by a curious sail-like object of some 4 ft. long and 2 ft. high waving from side to side in the water. No sooner had they turned their glasses on to this strange object than there appeared a huge eel-like neck, some 6 ft. long, and as thick as a man's thigh, and this neck was surmounted by a great turtle-like head with large eyes, now borne high above the sea, which was quite calm. It was dark coloured above and silvery white below. After a few moments the head and neck were slowly lowered, and when level with the water were violently lashed from side to side, churning up the sea into a great sheet of foam, and then it vanished.

Adverse winds caused the ship to beat about so that at midnight they were only twenty miles from the scene of the morning. This is noteworthy, because when Mr. Nicoll came on deck after breakfast one of the officers came up and reported that during the night he saw a strange commotion in the water. At first he thought it was a rock "awash," but a most careful examination showed that it was a beast of some kind, travelling faster than the ship, which was then making only about eight-and-a-half knots. The officer "hailed the deck" and the look-out man, and thus got witnesses to this weird phenomenon. Though the sea was calm, and there was a bright moon, nothing satisfactory could be made out owing to the "wash" which the creature was making; but in its movements it resembled a submarine travelling just below the surface.

Seriously, we can no longer regard the "sea-serpent" as a myth. There can be no question but that the ocean harbours some secret which we have not yet penetrated. It seems unlikely that this evasive creature should be a descendant of the old Plesiosaurs which became extinct millions of years ago, though the resemblance to those monsters is striking. More probably it will prove to be some bizarre form of reptile. But the resemblance between the descriptions given by these gentlemen and that given by the officers of the *Dædalus* agrees too closely to be passed by, and furthermore, both agree with the description of a similar creature seen off Tonquin some four years since. It is possible that it may even prove to be a "serpent." For it is well known that the land-snakes once possessed limbs, and some gigantic forms of sea-snake may well have preserved its limbs, though now transformed into paddles, like those of the turtle and whale.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



## PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons the Postmaster-General stated that the telegraph system had never been profitable, and the telephone system was largely taking its place. He was extending this system in the fruit-growing districts. He hoped that wireless telegraphy would soon be a commercial means of communication. Charges for parcels and postal orders were being reduced, and, owing to the action of the British delegates at the Postal Union Conference at Rome, the initial weight for foreign letters was to be raised from half an ounce to an ounce. He was also considering a reduction on the postage of periodicals to Canada, in order to meet the American competition. The time had come when full right of combination ought to be allowed to postal servants as to other combinations.

In the absence of Mr. Agar-Robartes, now unseated, Mr. Soares negotiated the Land Tenure Bill as far as possible past the shoals of amendments and Sir Frederick Banbury. He accepted an amendment from Colonel Kenyon-Slaney on condition that the latter would finish his speech. Sir Frederick Banbury was speaking when the House rose.

Mr. Birrell introduced some important amendments to Clause IV. of the Education Bill with the object of placating the extreme Church party. The wishes of the parents are to be ascertained by ballot under regulations made by the local education authority. Extended facilities shall not be afforded except where the school-house is given free of rent. The owners of the school-house of an existing Voluntary school may appeal against the local education authority to the Board of Education with a view to contracting-out of the Act and remaining a State-aided school with no contribution from the local rates. In the ensuing battle of "Shall" and "May," an attack was made on Mr. Birrell's amendments by Dr. Macnamara, who objected to the contracting-out proposal, and would make the clause mandatory. The proposal, he considered, cut into Clause I., which was the backbone of the Bill. It was alien to the principles of Liberalism that they should allow schools to run with nine-tenths of their income from public sources and put them outside local control.

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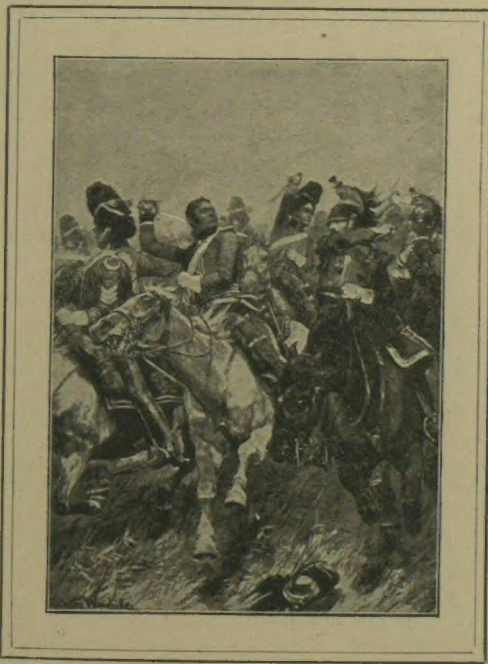
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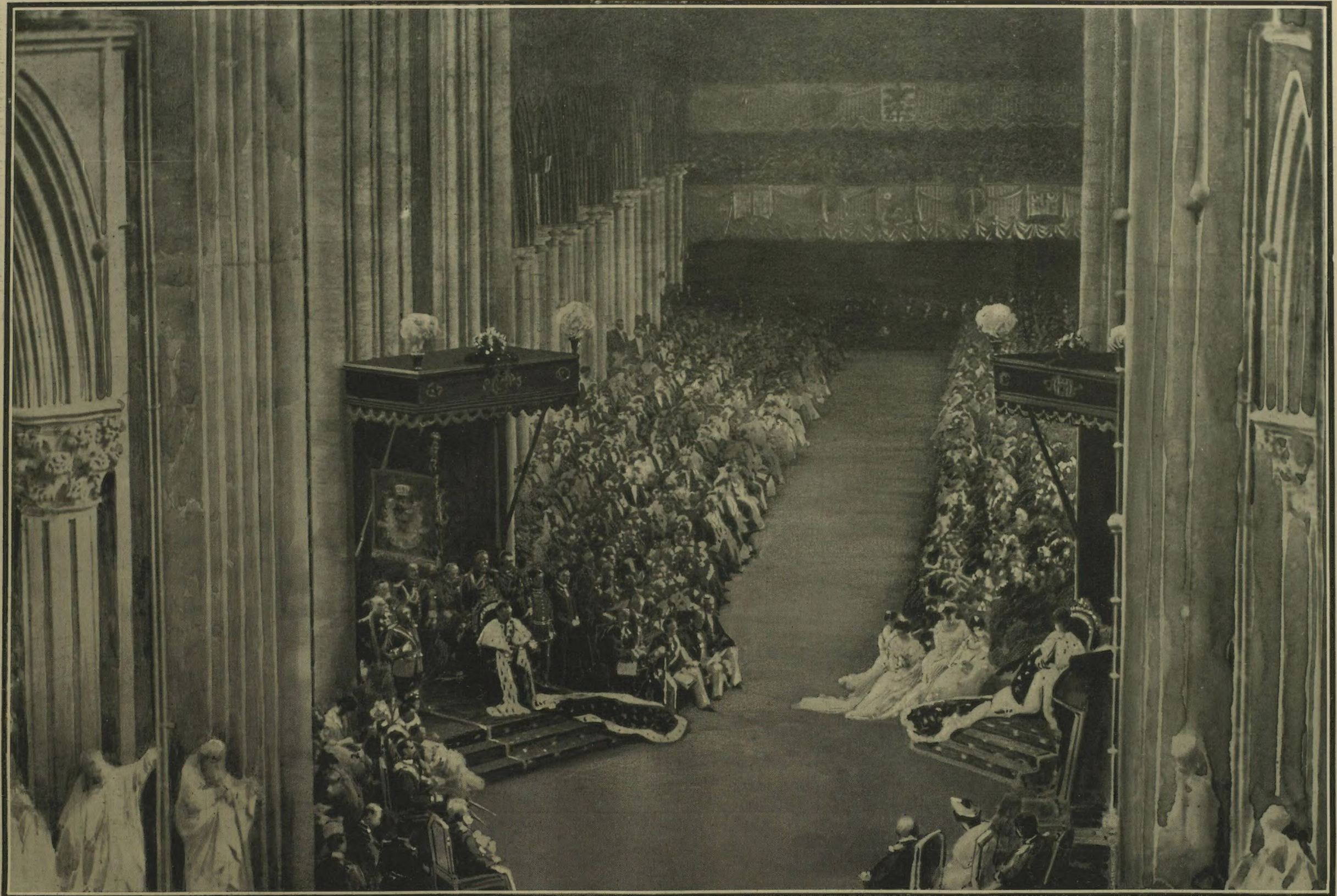
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# THE ANCIENT STATE OF NORWAY REVIVED IN TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL: THE CORONATION.

PHOTOGRAPH (ENLARGEMENT) BY HALF TONES, LTD.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 30, 1906.—960

THE FIRST CORONATION EVER PHOTOGRAPHED: THE ENTHRONEMENT OF KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD AFTER THE CROWNING CEREMONY

As in Westminster Abbey during the coronation of King Edward, Trondhjem Cathedral was lighted with electricity for the coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud. This arrangement made possible the very interesting photograph reproduced on this page. On the left is the King enthroned, on the right the Queen, and in the nave is the brilliant gathering of the diplomatic body, among whom, in an inconspicuous position, sat Dr. Nansen, who more than any other statesman had brought about the great events of the day. Dr. Nansen was the leading spirit in the peaceful revolution which gave Norway its independence.



# CROWNED KING OF THE SEA-KINGS: THE CORONATION OF KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT TRONDHJEM.



Mr. Michelsen  
(Premier).

Dr. Wexelsen  
(Bishop of Trondhjem).

THE SUPREME MOMENT OF THE CEREMONY: THE CROWNING OF THE KING OF NORWAY BY THE BISHOP OF TRONDHJEM, IN TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL, JUNE 22.

The King wore the royal vestment of deep crimson embroidered with royal crowns. When his Majesty had knelt before the throne the crown was placed on his head by the Bishop of Trondhjem, and in his hands were placed the sceptre and the orb. The moment of the crowning was announced by a fanfare of trumpets, which was the signal to the batteries outside, whose salute was taken up in turn by the war-ships in the harbour.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## Norway's King.

King Haakon's Coronation was celebrated successfully on Friday last in Trondhjem Cathedral. The new ruler of Norway was anointed by the Bishop of Trondhjem and crowned by the same prelate and the Premier. An almost similar ceremony was observed for the Queen's crowning. More than two thousand people were accommodated in the Cathedral, and golden tabourets were grouped round the royal thrones for Princes and foreign Ambassadors. In the course of the Coronation King Haakon received the sceptre from his Minister of Foreign Affairs, the orb from his Minister of the Interior, and the sword from his Minister of War. After the crowning of the King, who knelt before the throne for the supreme ceremony, both the King and his Consort were then solemnly enthroned. The scene in the ancient cathedral, where the Norwegian monarchs have been crowned from time immemorial, was in the highest degree picturesque. The dim aisles of the great Northern minster were lighted by electricity, which threw into fine relief the glittering insignia of royalty and the costumes of the Princes and diplomats. Norway's idolised little Heir-Apparent, the Crown Prince Olaf, was present at the ceremony, and sat near Princess Mary of Wales.

## Portraits.

To Dr. Wexelsen, Bishop of Trondhjem, fell the joint-honour of crowning the Norwegian King and Queen in the ancient Northern cathedral sacred to such rites. The Bishop wore the quaint garb of



Photo. Chusseau-Flaviens.

## THE BISHOP OF TRONDHJEM.

Who (with the Premier) crowned the King and Queen of Norway.

the Scandinavian Lutheran clergy, who still appear in the ruff of the sixteenth century. The solemn act of crowning was accompanied by an appropriate prayer, said by Dr. Wexelsen.

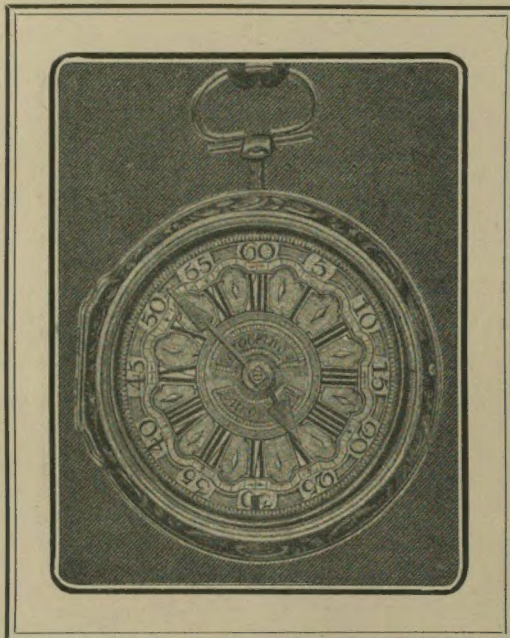
On June 25, in the Madison Square Roof Garden Theatre, New York, Mr. Henry K. Thaw, the millionaire, shot Mr. Stanford White, the celebrated architect. Mr. Thaw declares that his reason for the murder was that Mr. White had wronged his wife. Mrs. Thaw was in the theatre at the time. Not long ago she created a sensation in the lighter newspapers by her struggle to get into society. Before her marriage she was Florence Nesbit, a chorus-girl in a "Floradora" company. On her marriage the fashionable Four Hundred refused to recognise her, whereupon she and her mother-in-law began a deliberate campaign for her social status. The sporting prophets said that they would succeed. It appears that Mr. Thaw's act was perfectly deliberate. Towards the end of the operetta, "Mam'zelle Champagne," when the chorus was singing "I challenge you to fight a duel," Mr. Thaw strolled up to Mr. White and fired at him thrice, two bullets taking effect in the victim's back. For a moment a panic seemed imminent among the audience, but this the stage-manager averted. Mr. Thaw then gave his revolver to a fireman, and surrendered himself to the police. Mr. Thaw is the brother of the Countess of Yarmouth.

The Royal Humane Society has just awarded its bronze medal to the late Mr. Dacres Carroll Beadon (manager of Messrs. Hawthorne, Leslie and Co., shipbuilders, Newcastle-on-Tyne) in recognition of his gallant rescue of a workman who was thrown into the sea from the *Smolensk* (the Russian Volunteer Fleet) just outside the Tyne. A heavy sea was running. It will be remembered that the action was of a particularly heroic character, and Mr. Beadon died some two hours after being taken from the water. He was a son of the late Rev. F. Beadon, of North Stoneham, Hants, and a grandson of the late Canon Beadon, who died at the advanced age of 104. It was not the first time that Mr. Dacres Beadon had tried to save life at sea.



## THE CITY'S CORONATION GIFT TO KING HAAKON.

The photograph is of one of the pair of massive old English silver-gilt vases presented to the King and Queen of Norway by the City of London. The vases belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge. They were supplied by Messrs. Catchpole and Williams, silversmiths to his Majesty, 510, Oxford Street, W.

A HANDEL RELIC WORN AT THE FESTIVAL:  
THE COMPOSER'S WATCH.

Handel's watch, presented to him by his native town of Halle, is now the property of Mrs. Shearer (Miss Henrietta Mackenzie), a member of the Festival Choir. She has worn it at every festival since 1879.



Photo. Grantham Bain.

A MODERN HELEN OF TROY: MRS. HARRY K. THAW, THE  
AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE FOR WHOSE SAKE HER  
HUSBAND SHOT MR. STANFORD WHITE IN NEW YORK.

## Newspapers and War.

A conference of editors and representatives of newspapers published in the United Kingdom was held last week at the Royal United Service Institution to discuss questions relating to the publication of news in the time of war. The action of the Newspaper Society in appointing a sub-committee to confer with the Committee of Imperial Defence was cordially approved, and the sub-committee was authorised to add to its numbers and consider and report upon any Bill that may be brought forward. The meeting agreed that the conclusions of the sub-committee should be submitted to a further conference before any Bill dealing with the newspaper treatment of news in war time is introduced into Parliament. Newspapers have a very delicate task before them when they have to decide between the public demand for news and the interests of the public service, but the meeting showed clearly enough that newspaper proprietors are willing that there should be legislation, and understand the necessity of giving no hint of the movements and whereabouts of troops and ships.

## In Russia.

On Friday last the ex-Minister of the Interior, Prince Urussov, replying to the present Minister of the Interior in the Duma, created a sensation by declaring that the massacres that have outraged public opinion throughout Europe were organised by the Police Department, and that the private printing-presses were run at the expense of the Department of the Police, with the knowledge of officials at the Ministry of the Interior. The man in charge of these presses boasted that any massacre, whether of ten or ten thousand, could be arranged by the group that directs the propaganda.

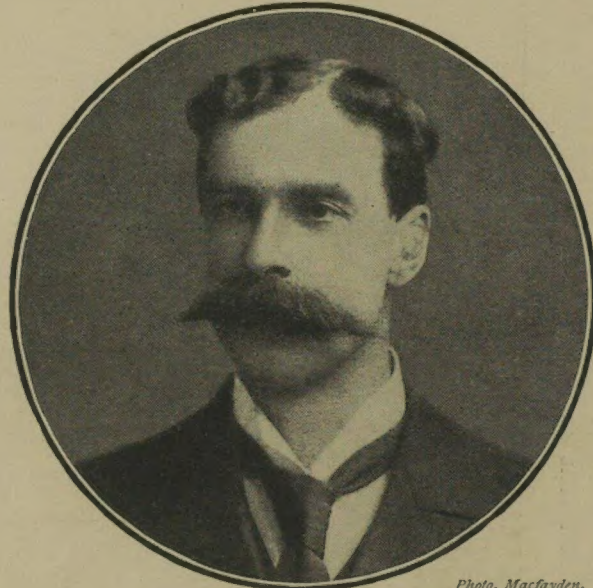


Photo. Macfayden.

## THE LATE MR. D. CARROLL BEADON.

Posthumously awarded the Royal Humane Society's Bronze Medal.

Prince Urussov declared that this organisation has very powerful supporters, that its chiefs are practically beyond the reach of law, and that they are rewarded for outraging public opinion. This extraordinary statement conveys the most significant piece of news that has come from Russia in the past week. Duma and Government continue to be bitterly opposed to one another, and rumours of military and naval disaffection are growing.

## The Rising in Natal.

From Natal the news is quite satisfactory. The back of the native rebellion has been broken. At the end of last week nearly seven hundred rebels had surrendered, and it was estimated that some twelve hundred had been killed. Since that date the number of surrenders has been doubled, but there was still sufficient unrest in the Mapumulo quarter at the beginning of the week to call for the services of Colonel Mackenzie's Brigade, and the columns under various commands were concentrated at Middle Drift to operate from Zululand in a district where the tribes have not yet learned their lesson. Sigananda has been put upon his trial, and the charges against Dinizulu are being investigated. Later reports announce that the rebels have been strongly reinforced from the northern portion of the Lower Tugela. In the Mapumulo district the impi number about 2500, of whom 100 are fugitives from Bambaata's scattered force. They have been joined by a few of Sobizenbi's men. At night armed parties visit the kraals and forcibly beat up recruits.

## In the Soudan.

There has been some trouble in the Soudan, where the garrison of Talodi was attacked by a Soudanese tribe which resented the establishment of a Government post in their midst. Major O'Connell, who was stationed at El Obeid, advanced with a camel corps and Soudanese infantry, and moving by forced marches relieved the garrison and inflicted a severe defeat upon the tribesmen, of whom 350 were killed and 100 captured. Major O'Connell's force suffered no loss, and the management of the little expedition was excellent.



# SNAP-SHOTS AND NOTES OF THE WEEK'S INTERESTING EVENTS.



THE MOTOR-BUS SMASHED BY THE RUNAWAY CAR.

*Photo, Faulkner.*



THE RUNAWAY TRAMCAR BROUGHT UP BY A SHOP FRONT.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS: THE RUNAWAY TRAMCAR DISASTER AT HIGHGATE, JUNE 23.

On June 23 an electric tramcar at Highgate got beyond the driver's control, and rushed down-hill at a speed of 25 miles an hour. According to the statements of witnesses on the spot, the car got beyond control even before the Archway was reached, in spite of the fact that the track just there was practically level. A funeral party returning from Finchley Cemetery were the first to suffer. Fortunately the car missed the two carriages in which the mourners were returning to the city, but it caught the rear of the hearse and wrecked it completely, the driver being thrown to the ground and the horses rather badly knocked about. It also struck a furniture-van, wrecked a motor-bus, upset a cab, and flung the motor-bus into a shop. Three persons were killed, and twenty seriously injured.



LITTLE NORWEGIAN GIRLS IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME SALUTING THE KING AND QUEEN.



A LITTLE NORWEGIAN GIRL IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME.



A PROCESSION OF MERRYMAKERS IN THE STREETS OF TRONDHJEM.

*Photos, Chasseau-Flaviens.*

## NORWEGIAN MERRY-MAKING IN HONOUR OF KING HAAKON'S CORONATION.

Norway held high festival on the Coronation Day, and none of the groups of merry-makers were more picturesque than those of the schoolchildren in national costume who saluted the King and Queen. Tens of thousands of people presented their homage to the newly-crowned King and Queen in the Hølvolden grounds. The friendly societies paraded in full state to congratulate the Sovereign, and there were beautiful dances by men and girls in the national costume. The King thanked his subjects in a brief but hearty speech.



FROM THE TRONDHJEM SCHOOLCHILDREN TO CROWN-PRINCE OLAF: A SLEIGH.

The sleigh is a beautifully-designed little carriage, and is the first gift the Crown Prince has received from his small countrymen and countrywomen.



ROMAN REMAINS FOUND IN PARIS DURING THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

The remains were found near the Flower Market during the excavations for the new Paris Metropolitan Railway. Several of the stones bear rude inscriptions.

*Photo, Topical.*





1. THE ROYAL PAVILION.

2. THE MEMBERS' PAVILION.

3. THE SHOWYARD.

4. THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

Photos. Simnett.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW GOES ON TOUR AGAIN: THE SOCIETY'S VISIT TO DERBY.

The experiment of a permanent home for the Royal Agricultural Society's Show failed disastrously at Park Royal, and this year the exhibition goes on tour again. Derby has been chosen as the centre for this year's meeting, and the Show was visited by his Majesty on June 28.



LORD AVEBURY BIDDING THE GERMAN EDITORS GOOD-BYE.



THE GERMAN EDITORS EMBARKING AT WINDSOR FOR HAMPTON COURT.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EDITORS TO ENGLAND: THE UP-RIVER EXCURSION.

The German editors who have been entertained during the past week in London visited Windsor on June 25. They went by train from Waterloo, and were driven in his Majesty's carriages to the Castle, where they were received by the Master of the Household. Luncheon was served in the Orangery. From Windsor they sailed down the Thames in a steam-launch and visited Hampton Court. At the Castle Hotel, Hampton Court, they were entertained by the "Review of Reviews." Lord Avebury has been largely interested in the visit.



THE WEIGHING-TENT FOR THE RACE.



CARBONIC ACID GAS FOR THE INFLATION OF TYRES.

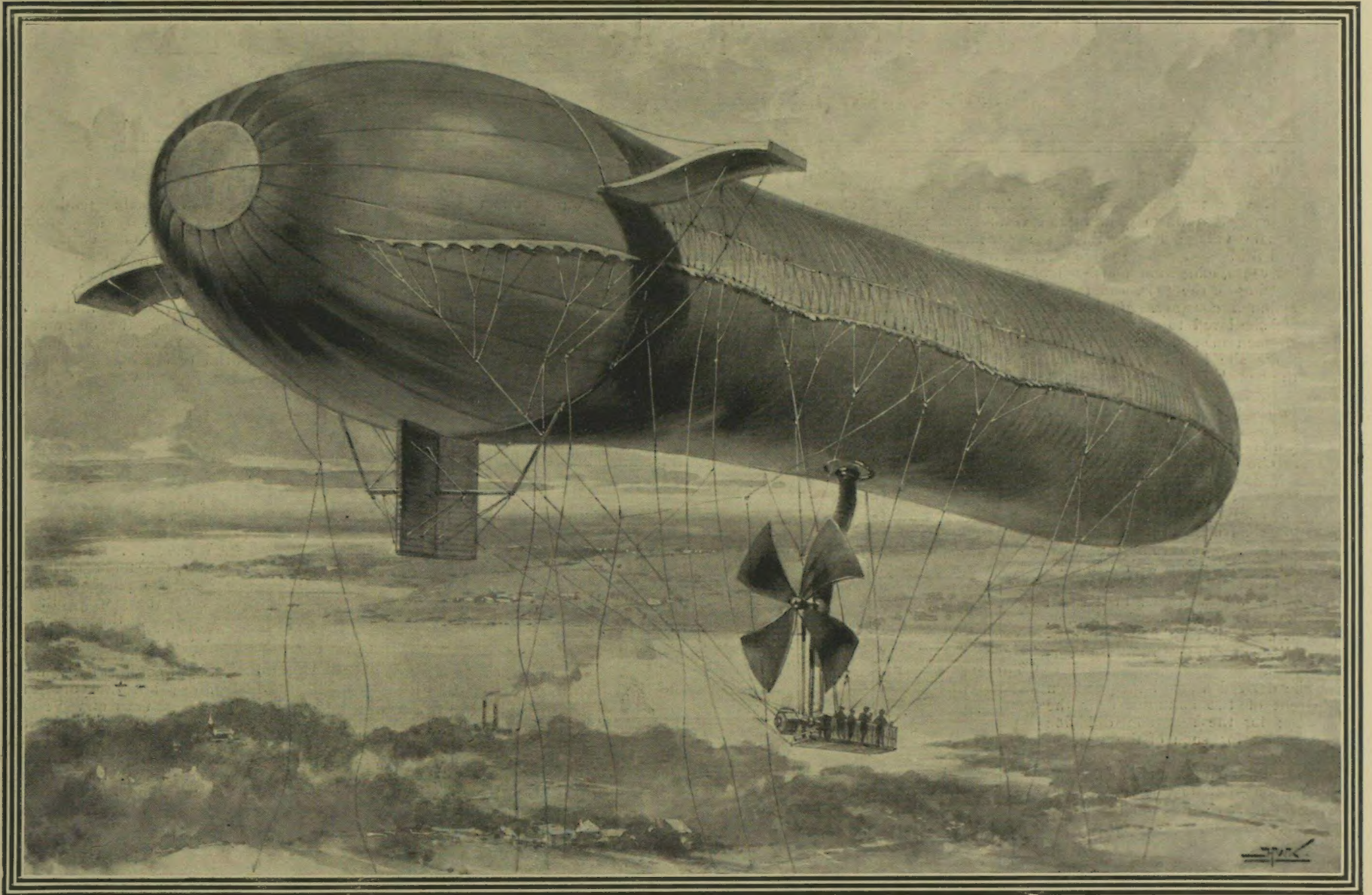
THE FRENCH GORDON BENNETT: THE RACE ON THE SARTHE CIRCUIT FOR THE GRAND PRIX OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB DE FRANCE.

The race began on June 26. Owing to the split over the Gordon-Bennett Cup, England, America, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland were not represented. The only competitors were from France, Germany, and Italy. The course is a little over 64 miles, and had to be covered six times on each of the two days. For the first day, Siz, on a Renault, had the best time, 5 h. 45 min. 30 2-5 sec.



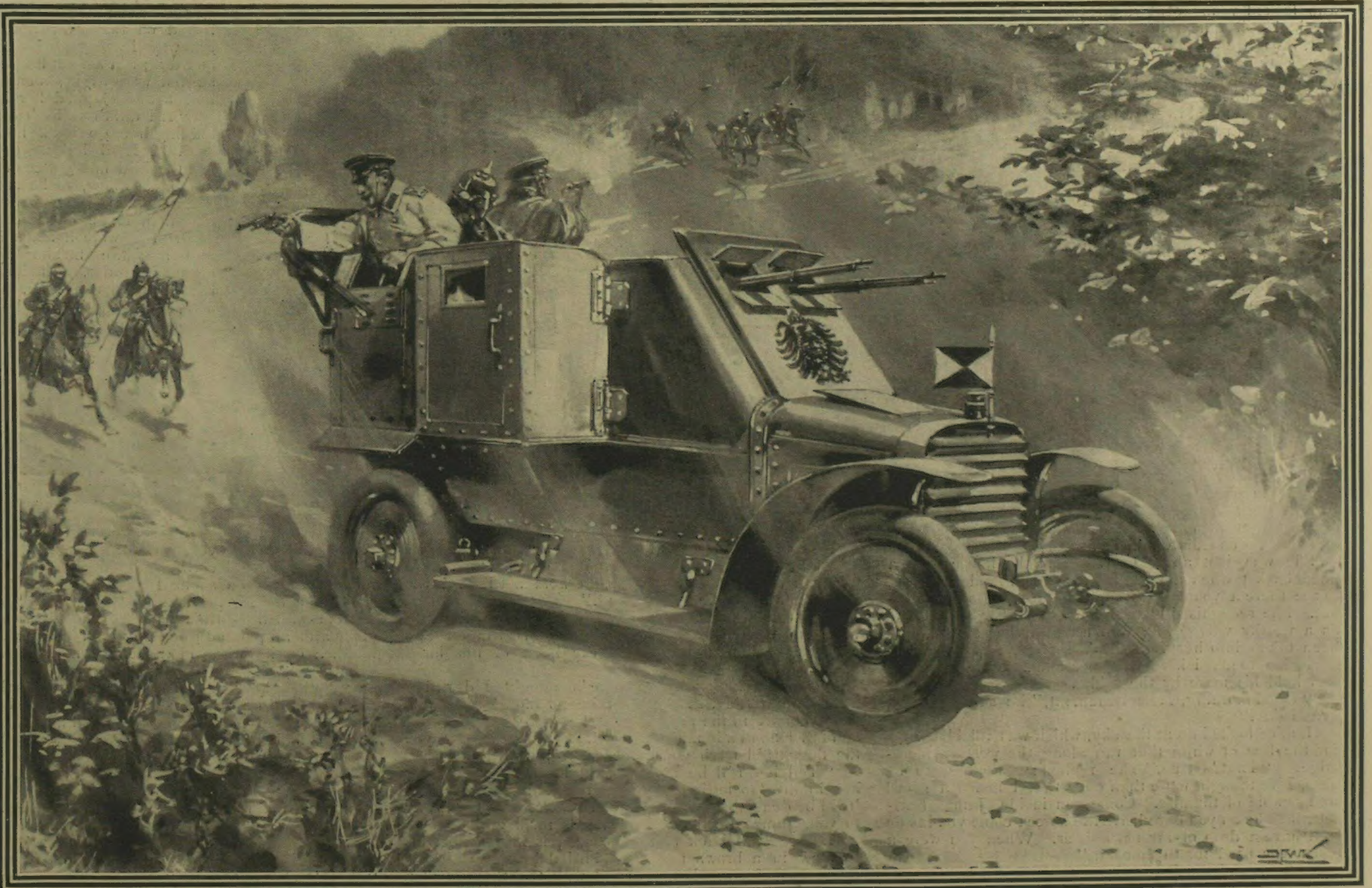
# SCIENCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD: BALLOON AND MOTOR IN WAR.

DRAWINGS BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY E. MOSANG.



## A NEW DEPARTURE BY THE MOST MILITARY NATION: THE GERMAN MOTOR-DRIVEN WAR-BALLOON.

The balloon, with which the German army authorities have been experimenting, has a long, torpedo-like envelope. It is kept rigid, not by any framework, but by two small balloons within the great envelope. These are kept continually taut by air pumped into them by the motor, which also drives the screw. It is kept even by two rigid horizontal planes fixed to the sides of the balloon above the rudder. The inventor, Major von Perseval, claims that his balloon can be deflated and packed up very much quicker than any other existing aërostat.



## AN ARMoured AUTOMOBILE FOR OFFICERS IN THE FIELD.

The automobile has been tried before the Kaiser. It is protected by armour six millimètres thick. In actual warfare, it would be completely covered by an armoured hood, and the wheels would be guarded by circular plates of steel armour. In front are two loopholes with shutters for quick-firing rifles. Inside it is fitted with leather pouches containing a small battery of quick-firing pistols for use in case of an attack at close quarters.



# THE TRIBUTE.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.



Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

THE very mention of Eunice Beaumont's library brought a warm glow to the Grassbrook pride. The village lies amidst the sycamores near Darrand Bridge—a remote place where, until within the last few years, education consisted of the three "R's," plain sewing for the girls, and, for either sex, the rules of old-fashioned courtesy. Eunice, however, had natural talents; she loved to widen her outlook; and so, being of straitened means, she made herself mistress of the few books she had inherited from her sire. The shelf near the hearth-nook in the parlour contained amongst others of inferior interest "The Castle of Otranto," Beckford's "Vathek," Gerard's "Herbal," and the works of Shakspeare in seven volumes. The Sunday books were upstairs, on the chest of drawers beside her bed. Although our great dramatist was her chief favourite, she made a point of reading through her Bible and Josephus once every year; and on Sundays, after evening service, would refresh herself with Cruden's "Concordance." A huge copy of Lemprière was wrapped in a towel and kept in the topmost drawer, the pictures—or rather "embellishments"—being to her thinking over-luxurious.

She derived a small income from the rent of two cottages near the church; for the rest she did fine needlework for such of the well-to-do as were too conservative to use machine-stitched underclothes. The old parson—Parson Swallow—would wear no other shirts than those she made; the Squire's wife rhapsodised about her hemstitching; for a trousseau her services were always required. When she worked her bright little eyes shone through the pebbles of a quaint pair of spectacles that had belonged to her grandmother—great hinged affairs, of which Eunice said: "There was enough silver in them to make two table-spoons!"

A dark-skinned little creature, who looked younger at a distance, she had still a neat figure, and her hair, though streaked with grey, was nowise thinned with the years. It was only when she came close that a network of fine wrinkles betrayed her age. She always wore grey; it was said that she had never been seen—save, of course, on Sundays and holidays—without a spotless apron.

On the afternoon when my Lady Danman sent the message for her to present herself at Cresswell Hall, she was gathering white raspberries in a narrow garden where luscious, century-old things rioted. There were gooseberries ("fayberries," she called them), whose trunks were thicker than a man's arm, and whose lichen-boughs were so overlaid with fruit that they lay resignedly on the black earth. Cherries, too, canary-coloured and scarlet, adorned the veteran that overshadowed the hop-arbour; and young apples, still sourly green, turned chubby faces to the sun. Near the canes where Eunice moved grew a particular variety of pear that combined the flavours of quince, of medlar, and of apple.

She was just about to return to the house with a filled basket when a voice from the road made her turn, to see there a young groom mounted on a glossy chestnut. She recognised him (after donning her spectacles) as a worthy village lad, who after leaving school, had been taken into her Ladyship's service, first as stable-boy. He touched his hat respectfully, then dismounted and held his mare by the bridle.

"Good morning, Miss Beaumont," he said; "'tis a grand day."

Eunice looked up at the sky, which was all blue save for the line of white that ran along the western moor-edge. "That's true," she replied; "though, to be sure, I've thought more than once that I heard a growl and rumble of thunder. Come you inside, James Bartlett, if so be as you dare leave the horse; come you inside and have a drop of my nettle-beer. When you were a bairn you used for to fancy it."

"Ay, that I did," he said. "Well, I'll be grateful for a mug, though I can't leave Bess here. Her ladyship's housekeeper, Mrs. Dunn, she's sent me to inquire if you're free to come down to Cresswell to-morrow? A darning job on an old chair as has been stored in the lumber-room for Lord knows how long. Her Ladyship

came upon it a while ago, and wants it in use again. Mrs. Dunn she spoke of you, and here I am to ask if it's convenient."

The old woman flushed with pleasure; never before had such an interesting piece of work fallen to her lot. "'Tis vastly good of Mrs. Dunn," she said, "and of her Ladyship too, for that matter. Ay, I'll be glad indeed to come. . . . Now, prithee, bide a minute while I fetch the beer."

She hastened indoors, went down the hollowed steps to the cellar, then returning with a stone bottle, took a lustre-jug from the cabinet in the parlour, drew the cork loudly, and carried the drink to the gate.

"I reckon 'twill be as good as reading a book," she said. "Dear Heaven, the very thought has taken away my appetite! I must set to considering what I'll wear. My second-best—something not too new—something befitting the house; for like as not her Ladyship'll step in to see as all's going well. . . ."

Later, she took out her sewing and sat in the porch. Evening was near; already the corncrakes had begun their strident duets. Her fingers trembled so much, however, that, fearful of endangering her reputation as the finest needlewoman in the whole valley, she carefully folded the linen and replaced it in her work-basket. An hour afterwards she retired to her bed and soon fell

asleep, to dream of odd, pleasing adventures such as she read of in the books in her library. She saw countless scenes from Shakspeare's comedies; indeed, she woke once believing she was in the same chamber as Falstaff and the Merry Wives. . . . Towards dawn, however, the tenor changed; the weird took the place of the comic—she saw the waxwork corpses of Udolpho, the gigantic helmet of Walpole's masterpiece.

The morning passed very slowly. She was shawled and bonneted by nine; but the young man did not appear until eleven; and the stable-clock at Cresswell Hall was striking twelve when she alighted from the dog-cart. She had never visited the place before save on the rare occasions when it was thrown open to the public; now that she was about to occupy herself beneath its roof, the magnificence seemed to increase tenfold. It was a tall house, built in Tudor times, but refronted with smooth Italian stone when George the First was King. The warm sun burnished the windows of the façade; blue-grey smoke rose from the twisted chimneys. In front stretched a garden with clipped yews and leaden statues and slender fountains; westward a long mere spread to a pine-wood. A peacock rested on the balustrade near the gateway leading to the servants' quarters; it cried out harshly; Eunice started with fright, then laughed at herself and clapped her hands.

"If I didn't think 'twas someone bidding me go back home!" she said. "Lord ha' mercy upon us; but the bird has gotten a voice like Parson Swallow, to be sure!"

An elderly woman, portly and dignified, came out into the courtyard. She wore a black silk gown, and a white muslin apron with crimped border. Eunice curtsied; the other did the same, then offered a friendly hand. "I'm glad as you could come so promptly," she said. "Her Ladyship's made up her mind to use the old furniture again, and soon. Very fine some of it is—there's some splendid examples of Sherrington and Chipperdale, so she says. And I've a niece here as used to be parlour-maid at the Squire of Grassbrook's—she told me as you're the best hand with a needle she e'er heard about."

Eunice curtsied again. "'Tis very good of you to say so," she replied. "I shall certainly do my best to give satisfaction. The job's one I'm very proud of."

Thereupon Mrs. Dunn led the way indoors, along a stone-walled corridor to a square room with many cupboards all painted grey. A round table stood in the middle; on its white cloth some willow-pattern dishes were arranged.

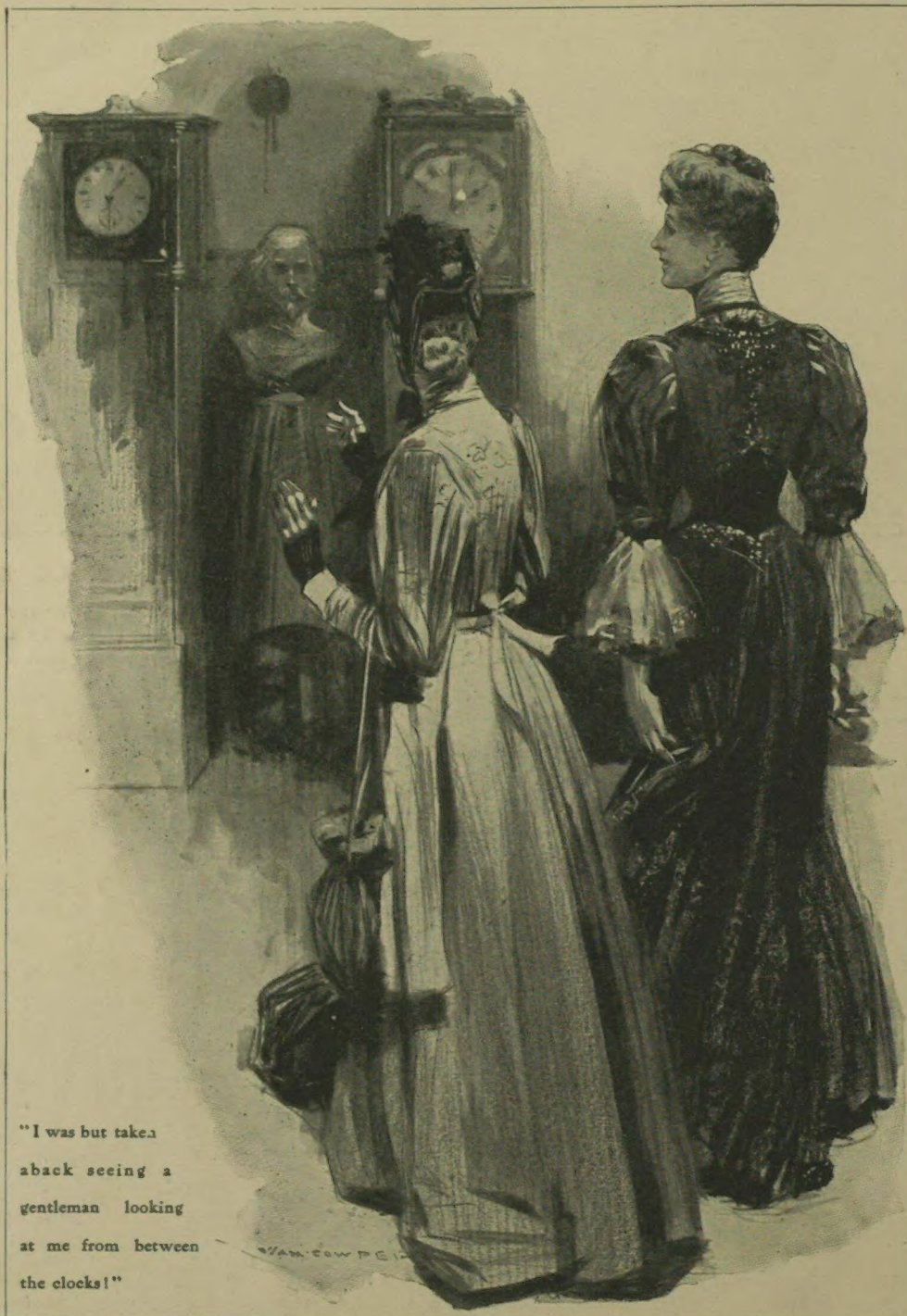
"I thought you'd be hungry," said the housekeeper kindly; "and as I always take my luncheon at noon, I waited a few minutes. Nothing but cold beef and a sellad, but very tasty."

They sat to the table; Eunice politely but firmly declined the other's invitation to drink home-brewed ale. "I'm sure you'll excuse me, Ma'am," she said; "but I've not touched it since I was a lass. . . . My poor father (though I'm loth to say it) was too fond of his glass."

Mrs. Dunn nodded, and refilled her tankard. "Well," she observed, "it shall ne'er be said that I didn't take temptation out of others' way."

A trim maidservant came to the door; the housekeeper left the parlour for a few minutes. During her absence Eunice succumbed to the fascination of the place and looked round. From the middle of the ceiling

(Continued overleaf)



"I was but taken  
aback seeing a  
gentleman looking  
at me from between  
the clocks!"

"Sup your fill, James Bartlett," she said. "There's plenty more when that's done. I hold nettle-beer the best thing for cooling the blood."

He drank thirstily, not ceasing until the jug was emptied. Beads of white froth fringed his young moustache; he passed the back of his hand over his lips.

"Good!" he said. "There's nought I'd rather have on a hot day. Nay, I'll take no more—there was welly a quart in the pot. I must be going—oh, I forgot as Mrs. Dunn bade me say as if 'twas convenient to you the dogcart'll fetch you at eleven to-morrow."

"Tell her I'll be ready," said Eunice, "and thank her kindly for letting me have the job. I promise as 'twill be done to her Ladyship's satisfaction. Good-day to you, James Bartlett, if you needs must go."

Eunice went back to the house, put her raspberries to stew in a brown pot, then busied herself with the preparing of tea. Being elated with the thought of a delightful morrow, she brought out her best china (as she was wont to do on great occasions), and sipped from a tiny, handleless cup on which was painted a lady in a flowered hoop and a beau whose blue coat-tails spread from the waist like a half-opened umbrella.



# THE OPERA ON THE RIVER. A PRIMA DONNA WITH THE BOATING-PARTY.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



## AN IMPROMPTU CONCERT BY GRAMOPHONE ON THE RIVER.

"The song and oar of Adria's Gondolier" is now rivalled by the gramophone. From nearly every boat or punt may be heard the strains of Melba, Caruso, and the other great operatic singers.



hung a great globe of silvered glass, which reflected every object; it was quivering with the breeze that came through the open window. On the dresser stood a comfortable teapot, shapen and coloured like a kingly elephant, that bore a howdah of gold and scarlet. When Mrs. Dunn returned, the spinster flushed guiltily. "You must really forgive me," she said; "but I couldn't help staring round, though I've ne'er left my chair."

"You're welcome to stare as much as you like," said her new friend. "Or, for that matter, to touch it if it pleases you. I'm sure you'll be careful. Well, 'twas her Ladyship as sent for me—she's going to take you up to the lumber-room herself in half an hour. I told her as you're having a bit of food; she bade me be sure as everything was done for your comfort; and I'm to conduct you to her when you've sat awhile."

The thought of an interview with a person of her Ladyship's quality awoke all Eunice's nervousness. "I could almost find in my heart to run away," she said faintly. "I do trust as her Ladyship's not hard to please?"

"Not a bit," cried Mrs. Dunn. "In course everything must be done to the best of one's ability; but once that's settled, she's the easiest lady imaginable. Courteous and polite, too; 'twould be a good thing if others of the nobility would take copy of her—it would so."

The time passed too quickly. After many timorous questions concerning etiquette, the old maid was taken upstairs to a small boudoir, where Lady Danman, a tall and handsome woman of middle-age, sat in the window recess writing letters. She nodded kindly, then sealed her envelopes with faint-hued wax, and after dismissing Mrs. Dunn, preceded Eunice along a gallery, and up several staircases to a great attic lighted with semi-circular windows. The place, in spite of being used for the storage of discarded furniture, was kept in orderly fashion; the warm sunlight fell on strange, weirdly mingled colours. Clocks were ranged against the further wall—tall clocks with oak, ebony, and walnut cases—clocks of ormolu and lacquer still bright and shining. In the midst, where the floor space had been cleared, stood a loose-covered antique chair, with carved legs and brass claw-feet.

"This is the room," said the lady, "and here is the chair." She removed the chintz cover. "The needlework, as you see, is frayed, particularly on the arms. I want you to restore it. . . . It was, I have found, given to Lord Danman's ancestor by Queen Elizabeth herself. By the merest chance I came upon a mention of it in an old house-keeping book."

"You honour me greatly, my Lady," said Eunice. "Yes, I think 'tis within my power—my mother taught me all the old sampler stitches."

"I have the silks ready," continued Lady Danman. "Faded skeins I found in a work-cabinet that had not been opened for perhaps a hundred years. Though they've lost colour, they're still stout. Here they are, on this table. And now I must leave you to discover the extent of the mischief."

As she reached the doorway, a shrill cry of something not unlike terror made her turn. "My Lady! my Lady! I most humbly ask your pardon; but—"

"You are afraid of being alone?" said Lady Danman. "One of the young maids shall sit with you—"

"'Tis not that," said Eunice in a low voice. "I was but taken aback seeing a gentleman looking at me from between the clocks!"

Her Ladyship laughed merrily. "My good soul," she said, "it is but a bust of Shakspeare—a copy of the one in Stratford Church. Ah, I see, it does look real, with the light falling on its painted cheeks and the old curtain hanging from the bracket."

Eunice's hands were tightly clasped. "I ask your pardon again, my Lady," she said; "but—did you say Shakspeare—the great Shakspeare of the plays?"

"The very Shakspeare," said Lady Danman. "The immortal Bard, the Swan of Avon. And now I really must go. You will be in excellent company."

She retired, leaving the spinster and the bust in a silence as profound as that of an empty church. For a time Eunice resolutely attended to the matching of her silks, but at last a reverent curiosity forced her to approach the presentment of the genius. Dust lay thick upon brow and nose; she took a folded cloth from her apron-pocket, and with trembling fingers carefully wiped all away. The colouring now became vivid; she could have sworn that the bland face grew kinder because of her touch.

"To think of it!" she said, with bated breath. "To think as I should be alone with him!"

A clock struck somewhere in the distance. She was too conscientious to spend time in adoration that should be spent in work, so she filled her needle and knelt beside the chair, steadfastly striving to forget the wonderful strangeness of her surroundings. The exquisite darning appealed to her; she put into it all her skill. It was slow, however; and when Lady Danman came up again about five o'clock, only one half was done.

"You are doing it beautifully," said the lady. "I am afraid, however, that the work must be trying to your sight."

"Ah, no, your Ladyship, not at all. My spectacles are excellent. The only fault I find with the work is that to do it well I must do it carefully; and I am afraid that the length of time may make your Ladyship impatient."

The other stared slightly; she had not thought Eunice capable of such elegant speech. "Nonsense," she said, "I'm only too glad for you to spend as long a time as you please. It is a relief to know how finely all will be done. I will tell Mrs. Dunn to have a room prepared for you—you shall stay here for the night."

Eunice shook her head. "I am sorry that I may not do that," she replied. "Never in all my life have I slept from under my own roof. . . . With your Ladyship's permission I'll walk over to-morrow to finish."

"You shall not walk," said Lady Danman. "A dog-cart will be at your service this evening and to-morrow. Now, my good soul, be off to Mrs. Dunn's parlour—you've done quite enough for one day."

The spinster deliberately replaced her needle in a huswife of pale green silk, embroidered with purple and rose-coloured flowers. She turned towards the bust, her eyes filled with an odd wistfulness.

"My Lady," she said, "I feel in my heart that you are kind—that you will not believe that I ask for the mere sake of folly—"

"Ask anything you please—I'll answer it I can."



Lady Danman came up again in the afternoon.

"About the head—do you believe that Shakspeare was really like that? I'd be glad to know—to know would save me from much pondering."

Lady Danman assumed her wisest look. "Most authorities agree; yes, I believe it."

"I thank your Ladyship most earnestly. I cannot describe the gratification I have felt in being so near—in working almost, as it were, under his supervision; in winning his approval. And it seemed to me as if the distance betwixt him and me were not so great, after all."

Lady Danman withdrew in a maze of thought. "Good Heavens!" she said. "The creature's either mad or a genius! What a remarkable thing—a woman of her order knowing anything of Shakspeare!"

After Eunice's departure, she summoned Mrs. Dunn, to make inquiries concerning the peculiar needlewoman. The housekeeper, however, was able to give her no information save that Eunice was greatly respected, and reputed as being more book-learned than the parson of Grassbrook himself. . . . "A good honest body, too, I've heard," she concluded; "but, to be sure, no other kind could have been trusted with such a job."

Lady Danman declared herself pleased in finding one so careful and praiseworthy; and since folk of her social condition must be most brilliant in the evening, she ceased to think of the matter. Only once, during dinner, she forgot to be shrewdly witty, and permitted her lips to wear for one brief moment a smile of wonder and of curiosity.

At home the old maid moved in a dream of delight. Her cottage that evening was transformed into a romantic grange, her garden into Juliet's garden, into the Temple Garden, into Sweet Anne Page's garden. And after sunset, when the distant hog's-back of Winhill was

veiled softly in red mist, she walked to and fro on her little paths, aloof from everything but sheer delight. . . . Later, when the after-glow had changed to green, then tranquil blue; when the stars crept out first one by one, then in clusters; when the village was falling asleep, the inns were closed, the voices of homegoing toss-pots silenced, she stole down through the fields to the bridge that spans the Darrand. That day the last of the hay had been led; the stiff stalks crushed crisply beneath her slippers of plaited listing. . . . She leaned her arms on the copings, clasped her hands, nestled her chin, and gazed up the valley to the blackening hills. No sound—no sound but the laughing of water—of shallow water. But soon the tranquillity began to hurt: she crept home a tired, sleepy little old body.

In the morning she rose early, set her house in order, and after breakfast went to a clough where Grass of Parnassus grew in a marsh with Ragged Robin and Water Speedwell and tall bullrushes. The first flower had tempted her; in Lemprière she had read of the Muses' mountain—Grass of Parnassus must surely be finest to place before the effigy of her Genius. It grew sparsely, two hours passed before she found more than a little posy. Then her skirts were all dragged, her feet wet, her wrinkled cheeks gleaming with the heat. But she felt no weariness now; in her veins flowed the blood of immortal youth.

The groom found her curiously silent during the long drive; in fact, more than once she failed to reply to his observations upon the weather. She was smiling absently; her eyes gazed into a country he might not see. "Getting into years," he said to himself. "I've heard say as folks do lose interest then. . . . Happen, too, she's a bit deaf at times, same as my own mother was."

At Cresswell Hall, after her dinner with good Mrs. Dunn, she placed her tribute on a little table before the painted bust, and set to work immediately. The darning became poetry; the chair was sacred as having been in existence in the days when Shakspeare lived. Perhaps, who could tell, someone had sat therein who had touched his hand, who had listened to his soft and thrilling voice.

Lady Danman came up again in the afternoon, and stood for a while in the doorway, watching the old maid kneeling beside the great chair, diligently plying the bright needle. So engrossed was Eunice in her work that her Ladyship moved to her side before she was aware of her presence. She was reciting to herself—a measured word to each stitch—

"The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest  
last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things  
long past."

The lady laid a plump hand on her shoulder. Eunice started and half rose for a curtsy. "I ask your pardon, my Lady," she said, "but I did not know—"

"I should ask yours for disturbing you," said the other. "It is wonderful to me that you should know your Shakspeare so well. How came it about?"

"That I can scarce tell your Ladyship. All I know is that my father taught me to spell from the plays—that I loved them more than aught else. He used for to say that we were descended from the brother of one Francis Beaumont—a playwright, too, himself."

"How strange!" exclaimed my Lady. "The Leicestershire Beaumont who wrote with Fletcher!"

Her eyes fell on the flowers before the bust: she was still sensitive enough to blush to feel a curious pang, as if something had thrust her back into the distant past.

"Grass of Parnassus!" she said. "How strange—how very strange!"

Eunice snipped the last thread. "The work's finished now," she said. "I hope and trust that your Ladyship'll be well satisfied."

"I am more than satisfied," said Lady Danman. "I thank you—I have learnt something from you—something that I cannot pay for."

Eunice replaced her needle in the huswife. "My Lady," she said, "I'd be better pleased if no mention of payment were made—if you'd take what I've done as a gift. . . . It has been a privilege—I'd a hundred thousand times liefer not have money. 'T has meant much to me—far more than I can ever tell you. Ay, I know that I'm presumptuous in asking this favour; but once in my life I'll sew for nought. . . . It seems a sacrilege to talk of money before him."

She pointed to the bust; Lady Danman's perplexed frown gave place to a radiant smile. "I'll offer you no money." She took Eunice's gnarled hand; the old maid stood very proud and stately in her own little way.

"I thank your Ladyship—," she began.

"But Shakspeare has never had greater honour paid him. The bust is yours. It shall be taken to your house this very evening."

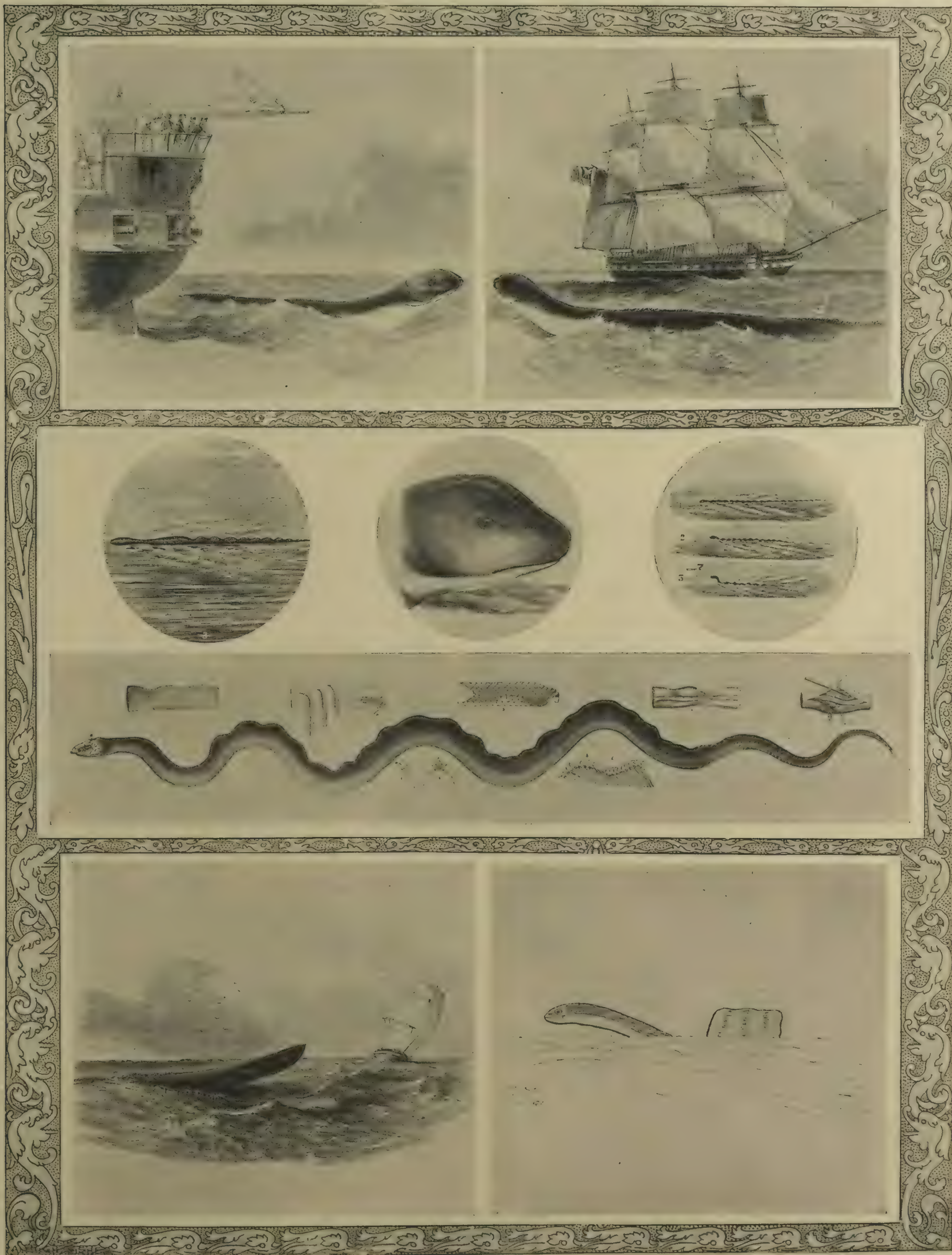
"My Lady! my Lady!"

"It is yours," said Lady Danman, moving to the door, half ashamed of the weakness that made her voice quaver. "It is yours; please say nothing more."

THE END.



# SIMILARITY OF THE LATEST SEEN SEA-SERPENT TO ITS PREDECESSORS.



1. THE SEA-SERPENT PASSING UNDER THE STERN OF H.M.S. "DÆDALUS," 1848.

2. FIRST VIEW OF THE "DÆDALUS" SEA-SERPENT OFF THE WEST AFRICAN COAST.

3. SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SHIP "IMOGENE" ON ITS WAY TO LONDON FROM ALGOA BAY: This was seen on Sunday, March 30, 1856, in calm, clear weather, and showed an apparent length of about 40 feet above the surface of the sea.

4. HEAD OF THE SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. "DÆDALUS." Captain McQuhae had this drawing of the serpent made immediately after it was seen. The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, the colour was a dark brown, yellowish white about the throat.

5. SEA-SERPENT IN THE DISTANCE.

These are sketches of the serpent seen from the ship "Imogene" in 1856. The commander of the vessel reported that the weather was fine and the sea smooth, so that there was every opportunity of noting the serpent's movements.

6. THE GREAT AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN SEEN AT TIMES BETWEEN CAPE COD AND PNOBSCOT BAY.

7. SEA-SERPENT AS SEEN FROM H.M.S. "PLUMPER."

This was seen and sketched just west of Oporto by a naval officer on board H.M.S. "Plumper" on Dec. 31, 1848.

8. THE LATEST GLIMPSE OF THE SEA-SERPENT: A SCIENTIST'S SKETCH.

The sketch is by Mr. M. J. Nicoll, naturalist to Lord Crawford's expedition, who was on board Lord Crawford's yacht, the "Valhalla," when the sea-serpent was sighted.



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

DESPITE the coldness of the weather last week, cricket was very interesting. It may be remembered that the wife of James II. cowered over the fire on June 10, 1688, the birthday of "the Old Pretender," and that a warming-pan was introduced into her bed later. The Orange faction said that a warming-pan in June was a gross anachronism, and that a supposititious babe was concealed therein. Nobody could want a warming-pan in June. The absurdity of this argument has been disproved by our recent "climatic conditions"; a warming-pan would have been very welcome to observers of cricket not ensconced in pavilions.

The onlooker does not see the most of the game, as he should do according to the proverb—at least, even with the aid of a field-glass, the present writer does not see the phenomena of which he reads. In the match between Yorkshire and Middlesex one might stare at Hirst's bowling as hard as he could, yet never see the famous "swerve" in the air which occupies the genius of mathematicians. We never used to hear of such a thing in my early years, and when I once did bowl a man with a swerve, I thought it was an optical delusion. The batsman confessed that he shared it; but that a bowler can produce a swerve on purpose I doubt. It seems to be automatic, and the result of unconscious action of arm and fingers.

Mr. Bosanquet, on the other hand, has written an essay, I am told, to inform science how he manages the slow overhand bowling which the Australians call "googlies," a word that has no known derivation, and comes too late for Dr. Murray's Oxford English Dictionary. The "googly" is managed by the fingers, and it seems that Mr. Bosanquet can use the delivery which commonly makes the ball curl in from leg, and yet make it break in from the off.

If he can really do this whenever he pleases, it is no wonder that he got five Yorkshire wickets in about a quarter of an hour. But, again, looking as closely as I could with short-sighted eyes, I could only see the curl from leg, not from the opposite side. The ball did many odd things, certainly, and the batsmen seemed paralysed, but it did not appear actually to infringe on the laws of Nature.

Cambridge is so strong, with nine old Blues and an inspired Freshman, and Oxford is so weak, even if Mr. Bruce is able to play, for Mr. Udal, one of their best, was recently injured, like Mr. Fry, that Oxford can have only one chance. The captain should send someone to learn the art of "googly" bowling from Mr. Bosanquet. As an old Blue of the darker shade (he was a fast bowler then), Mr. Bosanquet may be able to impart his mystery. Even if he does not quite succeed, it is wonderful how very slow bowling does now tempt and now perplex, good batsmen who are not used to playing it. We remember how Mr. Alfred Lyttelton once took off his wicket-keeping gloves, and got four Australian wickets with slows when the orthodox regular bowlers were beaten to a standstill. Mr. Ridley's great victory over Cambridge was secured by his own slows, but mainly by establishing terror at a nervous moment. Any straight ball, perhaps, would have bowled the last Cambridge bat, whose legs, legend says, were seen from the Pavilion to be trembling. You cannot play very slow bowling automatically, as you can play many fast balls. You must think, and you have time for first, second, and third thoughts, which are not always, as Tennyson says, "a wiser third." In good cricket it is often the technically "bad" balls that get wickets. Surely Oxford might find a thoroughly bad slow bowler, with no command of the ball. A friend of mine, a novelist, once told me that he had not the slightest idea as to what his characters would do next, "and if I can't guess," he said, "how can the public anticipate their performances?" In the same way a batsman cannot guess what a bowler will do who has lost command of a slow, high-tossed ball. On it comes, wavering and wobbling; the batsman watches it too long, sometimes loses it, and is lost. To be sure, the bowler ought to be a man of commanding presence, with an air of thoughtful solemnity. Let him get one good wicket, and panic may do the rest. Meanwhile, Oxford fast bowlers really ought not to take a run about as long as the pitch. They walk back till you expect them to enter the pavilion, and the long runs up, about a hundred yards in every over, must, and obviously do, fatigue them. Alfred Mynn took a short run, men say; Mr. Powys, the very fast Cambridge bowler, took a short run, so did Mold. The long, long run, "with woven paces, and with waving hands," and perhaps with a comic little skip in the middle, is a mere piece of ritual, and savours of superstition.

The learned in our esteemed daily Press continue to make errors which might be avoided by the use of "The Tales of a Grandfather," or of the Dictionary of National Biography; I cannot recommend Macaulay to the hurried Pressman. It is not true, for example, that the present Marquis of Montrose is a descendant, as we were informed last week, "of the great Marquis, Claverhouse." John Graham (not James as in Macaulay's first edition) of Claverhouse was not the great Marquis of Montrose, nor was he ever Marquis of anything. He was Viscount Dundee, and I should be sorry to have to unravel his kinship with the greater "glory of the Gabriels."

In *Punch* lately there was a picture of a girl weeping profusely, in the gallery, at a melodrama. "Don't go on, Matilda," says her calmer sister. "They are only acting." "Leave me alone," says Matilda, "I'm enjoying myself." Matilda might have quoted Aristotle. The effect, he says, of tragedy (often melodramatics) "is not to tranquillise, but to excite. In the pleasurable calm which follows when the passion is spent, an emotional cure has been wrought." Matilda, having enjoyed a good cry, will enjoy a pleasurable calm. That is the humour of it!

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A R STOVER (Sao Thorne, Portuguese West Africa).—We regret your proposed solution of No. 3235 is ineffectual, but we hope you will try again.

ALAIN C WHITE (New York).—We are much obliged for the copy of your letter contributed to the *Norwich Mercury*.

J W LE COMTE (Sourabaya, Java).—We shall have pleasure in publishing your problem in memoriam of Mr. F. Healey.

J GOULTON CONSTABLE, G TRICE, R W, and others.—We fear you prefer a true bill against No. 3242.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3235 received from V C (Cape Town); of No. 3236 from Miss Hilda Walter (Barkly West, Cape Colony); of No. 3237 from J O (Ramanagar, India); of No. 3239 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3240 from R Percy Stephenson (Dulwich Park, Emile Frau (Lyons), and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3241 from B Messenger (Bridgend), H Turner, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), James M K Lupton, Sconic, G Collins (Burgess Hill), Rev G W Jones (Framlingham), Emile Frau (Lyons), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), The Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), R Percy Stephenson, and J A S Hanbury (Birmingham).

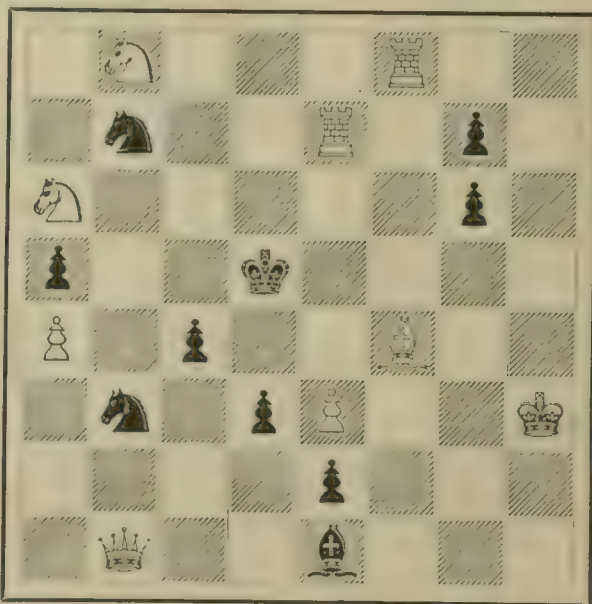
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3242 received from T Roberts, F Henderson (Leeds), Stettin, Emile Frau (Lyons), J G Constable, W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), E J Winter-Wood, F Waller (Luton), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), Herbert Elmer (Faversham), C E Perugini, G F H Packer (Cambridge), P Daly (Brighton), Sconic, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), G Collins (Burgess Hill), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), James M K Lupton (Richmond), W J Bearne (Nunhead), W C D Smith (Northampton), B Messenger (Bridgend), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A G Bagot (Dublin), H H (Pall Mall) Shadforth, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), The Tid, J T Arnold (Bournemouth), Hereward, Rev P Lewis (Ramsgate), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Worters (Canterbury), and George Trice (Deal).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3241.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. K to B 3rd K to K 3rd  
2. B to B 4th K moves  
3. Q mates  
If Black play 1. K to B 3rd, 2. B to B 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3244.—By T. R. KNOX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves

## CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played in the International Tournament at Ostend between Messrs. SCHLICHTER and TEICHMANN.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

|  |                |                   |                |
|--|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. S.)   | BLACK (Mr. T.) | WHITE (Mr. S.)    | BLACK (Mr. T.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th  | P to Q 4th     | 19. Kt to Kt 4th  | P to B 3rd     |
| 2. P to Q 4th  | P to K 3rd     | 20. Kt to Kt 4th  | K to R sq      |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd   | Kt to K B 3rd  | 21. R to K B sq   | Q to Q 2nd     |
| 4. B to Kt 5th   | B to K 2nd     | 22. Q to Q B 2nd  | P to Kt 5th    |
| 5. P to K 3rd  | Q Kt to Q 2nd  |                   |                |
| 6. Kt to B 3rd   | Castles        |                   |                |
| 7. Q to B 2nd  | P to Q Kt 3rd  |                   |                |
| 8. P takes P   |                |                   |                |
| A necessary preparation for his next move.   |                |                   |                |
| 9. B to Q 3rd  | P takes P      | 23. Kt to R 4th   | Q to Kt 4th    |
| 10. R to Q sq  | B to K 2nd     | 24. Kt to B 5th   | B to Q 4th     |
| 11. Castles  | P to Q R 3rd   | 25. P to B 5th    | Kt to Q 2nd    |
| 12. Kt to K 5th  | R to K sq      | 26. Kt takes Kt   |                |
| Generally safe, not only in this opening, but whenever the King's position is being assailed.  |                |                   |                |
| 13. P to B 4th   | P to B 4th     | 27. Q to B 2nd    | Q takes Kt     |
| 14. Q to K 2nd   | P to B 5th     | 28. P to K R 4th  | R to Q B sq    |
| 15. B to B 2nd   | P to Kt 4th    | 29. R to R 3rd    | Q to Q 3rd     |
| 16. R to B 3rd   | Kt to K 5th    | 30. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to B 6th     |
| 17. B takes B  | R takes B      | 31. Kt to R 2nd   | P to R 4th     |
| 18. B takes Kt   | P takes B      | 32. Q to B 2nd    | P to K 5th     |
| 19. R to Kt 3rd  |                |                   | P takes P      |
| Against White's strength on his King's side must be set a certain weakness on the Queen's, which grows more pronounced as the play proceeds. |                |                   |                |
|  |                | 26. Kt takes Kt   | Q takes Kt     |
|  |                | 27. Q to B 2nd    | R to Q B sq    |
|  |                | 28. P to K R 4th  | Q to Q 3rd     |
|  |                | 29. R to R 3rd    | P to B 6th     |
|  |                | 30. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to R 4th     |
|  |                | 31. Kt to R 2nd   | P to K 5th     |
|  |                | 32. Q to B 2nd    | P takes P      |
|  |                |                   |                |
|  |                | 33. P takes P     | Q to R 3rd     |
|  |                |                   | White resigns. |

Another game in the same competition played between Messrs. PERLIS and SALVE.

(Vienna Game.)

|   |                 |                     |                |
|---|-----------------|---------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. P.)  | BLACK (Mr. S.)  | WHITE (Mr. P.)      | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1. P to K 4th   | P to K 4th      | 13. B to K B sq     | Q to Q 2nd     |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd  | Kt to K B 3rd   | 14. P to B 4th      | Kt to Q sq     |
| 3. P to B 4th   | P to Q 4th      | 15. B to B 3rd      | P to K R 3rd   |
| 4. P takes K P  | Kt takes P      | 16. B to K 4th      | K to K R sq    |
| 5. Kt to B 3rd  | B to Q Kt 5th   | 17. Kt to R 7th     | K to R sq      |
| 6. B to K 2nd   | Kt to Q B 3rd   | 18. B takes R P     |                |
| 7. Castles  | Castles         |                     |                |
| 8. Q to K sq  |                 |                     |                |
| The variation is not considered one favourable to the first player, who is theoretically held to have a cramped position. Black, however, does not take advantage of that fact. |                 |                     |                |
| 9. P to Q 3rd   | B to K 3rd      | 18. Ptk P (en pass) | P to K B 4th   |
| 10. K to R sq   | B to B 4th (ch) | 19. P to B 7th      | P takes B      |
| 11. P takes Kt  | Kt takes Kt     | 20. R to B 6th      | R takes Kt     |
| 12. Q to Kt 3rd   | P to Q 5th      | 21. R takes Q       | Q to Q 3rd     |
| 13. Kt to Kt 5th  | R to K sq       | 22. Q to B 4th      | P takes R      |
| Having shaken off his difficulties, White   |                 | 23. R to K B sq     | Resigns.       |

The death of Mr. H. N. Pillsbury removes a great figure from the chess world. His advent was remarkably sudden, for outside American chess circles he was almost quite unknown when he entered the Hastings Chess Congress in 1896, and the excitement of the closing struggle as master after master succumbed to his prowess, will not be readily forgotten by anyone who was present on that occasion. It was, perhaps, as a blindfold player that he became most famous, and in many minds his premature decease is associated with the strain of his efforts in this direction. The doctors in attendance, however, suggest that the cause was purely physical, and would have been in operation whatever pursuit he had followed. We do not see ourselves why the exercise of a powerfully retentive memory should be necessarily attended by a bodily breakdown, and it is a hasty generalisation that would place on Mr. Pillsbury's ability in chess the consequences of a natural decay.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE.

THE State in this country does little to encourage scientific work that is not directly utilitarian. We pride ourselves on being an eminently "practical" people, but it is a very expensive form of pride, hampering us more than we are—most of us—aware of in the struggle for existence with other peoples. The work of exploration, for example, is almost entirely carried on by private enterprise; and thus it comes about that even our Empire beyond the seas is surveyed by alien explorers, in so far as natural history is concerned. Our American cousins have set us a good example, their fauna and flora being investigated by Government officials. Happily, there are to be found among us many men of substance willing and anxious to take upon themselves the duties that rightly belong to the State.

For some time past Mr. C. D. Rudd has provided the funds necessary for a thorough examination of the mammalian fauna of South Africa, all the specimens collected going to the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. This work is being carried out with a system and thoroughness never before attempted. As a result, there is slowly being accumulated a mass of evidence bearing on the problems of the evolution of species, and the nature of the barriers to distribution, surpassing anything that has ever been done in this direction. The hitherto unknown fauna of Ruwenzori is now being similarly investigated, and already enough has been done to show that a rich harvest will be reaped by this expedition. Not the least interesting of the results so far to hand concern the bird-fauna of the mountains, inasmuch as it is now clear that the same genera, and even the same species, turn up at the same levels on different mountains, some affecting the base, others the summit. This is really a most remarkable fact, for it would now appear that the same extraordinary feature obtains right across Africa, from Kilima-Njaro, Elgon, and Kenya on the east to the Cameroons on the west, while in the intermediate lowlands these genera and species are conspicuous by their absence. A similar east-and-west distribution will probably be found to obtain across Africa, from Abyssinia, on the one hand, to Senegambia on the other, judging from recent collections sent home by Captain Boyd-Alexander from Lake Tchad, a point midway between.

This recurrence of the same, or closely allied, species at high elevations, separated by enormous distances, applies also in the case of plants as well as in animals, and has not yet been satisfactorily explained. By way of a solution of the problem, it has been suggested that these particular forms once continuously covered the lowland areas when the conditions of climate were different, and that they have ascended the nearest heights as conditions changed, thus depopulating, by migration or extermination, the lower areas.

Only rarely, in this country, has the State undertaken work of this kind, the most memorable instance being the *Challenger* Expedition during 1872-76. Even where great industries are affected, the Governments of our time are hard to move; but in the matter of the "Pearl Fishery Commission" we have at least one instance of the intervention of the State to aid a crippled industry by calling in the help of the biologist, who is generally regarded as one of the luxuries of the community. The reports of this Commission are yet appearing, but already good results have followed from the work that has been done. The unequal harvests that had for two centuries been a feature of the pearl-fishery—a series of barren years alternating in some mysterious way with years of plenty—were in a few months' work accounted for, and revealed a most astounding state of affairs. Thus, a bed of oysters, estimated in March 1902 to contain about 5,750,000 oysters, in March 1903 had entirely vanished, having been eaten by star-fish! While it was found that even greater havoc was wrought by overcrowding and adverse currents. A system of constant surveying by a trained biologist has now been inaugurated, and his duties will be to thin out overcrowded beds and transplant the surplus population to suitable unoccupied areas. Similarly, he is to remove beds established in the region of dangerous currents. A further branch of his work will be to endeavour to find out in what way the oysters can be most surely infected with the precious parasite which sets up the formation of pearls.

Time was when the exploration of the Polar regions was indeed a perilous undertaking, but nowadays it is certainly not more so than the exploration of many of the malarial and fever-saturated areas of the Tropics. Only one life, for example, was lost during the late *Discovery* expedition to the Antarctic. Just now no less than five more attacks on the North Pole are in hand. Mr. A. H. Harrison's expedition reached Herschel Island, near the mouth of the Mackenzie, last February, where he found Lieutenant Hansen and the members of the Gjøa expedition. Mr. Harrison, in March last, expressed his intention to make his way during April to Bailie Island, thence to proceed to Banks Land, where he proposed to spend the winter. An elaborate but hazardous expedition has been planned by the "Anglo-American" expedition, led by Messrs. Einar, Mikkelsen, and Leffingwell.

The Danish expedition leaves Copenhagen in July under the leadership of Mr. Mylius-Erichsen. This is to make its way as far north as possible along the east coast of Greenland, when the party will land and proceed along the east coast to the most northerly point possible, from whence the Pole is to be reached by sledges, and will return in time to winter on the ship. In March 1908, Mylius-Erichsen, accompanied by one of his staff and two Greenlanders, hopes to realise the daring plan of crossing the inland ice of Greenland partly by motor-car, partly by dog-sledges, and partly on ski. The employment of the motor-car is indeed an innovation. Lastly we have the expedition planned by Mr. Walter Wellman, detailed recently in this Journal.



# BALLET ONCE MORE AT COVENT GARDEN AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



THE LAST TABLEAU FROM "LES DEUX PIGEONS," REVIVED AT COVENT GARDEN, JUNE 20.

The photograph is the final tableau of M. Messenger's ballet "Les Deux Pigeons," which was produced with considerable success last week at Covent Garden. In the foreground are Mlle. Boni (the prima ballerina) and Mlle. Legrand (the travesti). The ballet,

which was very well received, is founded upon a fable by La Fontaine, and M. Messenger's score, though it is nearly twenty years old, is fresh and pleasing. Mlle. Boni made a very favourable impression, and the corps-de-ballet, from Brussels, was excellent.



# ENGLISH HISTORY IN LIVING PICTURES: THE WARWICK PAGEANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRIOTT AND OTHERS; BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

11 Ethelfleda frees the Danes



GUY'S PORRIDGE POT  
[120 GALLONS]  
WARWICK CASTLE

12 Cymbeline with his sons Caradoc & Adminius



13 The 'Condemnation of Piers Gaveston.



14 The episode of the Dun Cow, slain by Guy of Warwick.

## FOUR TABLEAUX FROM THE GREAT HISTORICAL SPECTACLE AT WARWICK.

The pageant begins in the grounds of Warwick Castle on July 2, and is to be continued on the five following days. It was written and directed by Mr. Louis N. Parker, and commemorates the whole history of the town from the time of Cymbeline until the present day. It concludes with an allegorical representation of the city, surrounded by fourteen young Warwicks in America and in the Colonies.



# ENGLISH HISTORY IN LIVING PICTURES: THE WARWICK PAGEANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRIOTT AND OTHERS; BORDER DESIGN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

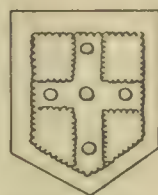
1 Roger of Newburgh, Earl of Warwick unites the Churches of Warwick.



2 Queen Elizabeths departure down the Avon



2 Queen Bess entering her state barge



A. HUGH FISHER

3 Queen Elizabeth and Master William Shakespeare aged 8



4 Queen Elizabeth holding court at Warwick.

## FOUR TABLEAUX FROM THE GREAT HISTORICAL SPECTACLE AT WARWICK.

One of the most interesting scenes commemorates the story of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the city. At that time John Shakspeare was bailiff of the town, and it is said that he presented to the Queen his son William, then aged eight. William, it is said, asked leave to kiss the Queen, and her Majesty graciously permitted it.



# THE FIGHT TO BE COMMEMORATED BY A RESTORATION OF THE CHAPEL OF HOUGOUMONT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



## "TO KEEP ALIVE THE GLORY OF THE GUARDS."

The desperate stand that the Guards made at the Château of Hougomont during the battle of Waterloo is to be commemorated by the restoration of the chapel there. The restoration is to be made at the expense of the regiment.  
The picture commemorates the fiercest part of the fight, which raged round the gate.



# OUR PICTORIAL NOTE BOOK: HOME AND FOREIGN HAPPENINGS.



THE LAST OF THE NAVAL COAL-HULK "FORTE."

The wreckage of the old coal-hulk "Forte," which has been blocking the fairway at Sheerness, has now been utterly destroyed. She was blown up, on June 19, with a charge of 1500 lb. of gun-cotton.



*Photo. Hopkins*

A FLOATING DOCK FOR SUBMARINES.

Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim have just launched from their yard at Barrow-in-Furness a floating dock for the submarine flotilla. The dock measures 250 feet by 50, and will lift a vessel weighing 500 tons.



PRINCE OLAF, WITH KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT TRONDHJEM.

THE IDOL OF NORWAY HELPING TO RECEIVE HIS FATHER AND MOTHER'S CORONATION GUESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

The little Crown Prince Olaf of Norway went down to the landing-stage of Trondhjem with the King and Queen to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales. As the party went up the landing-stage to the carriage Princess Mary took the little Crown Prince's hand. The Crown Prince was present at the Coronation ceremony, and, although there was some fear that he might make inopportune remarks, he seems to have behaved with princely dignity.



CHILDREN OF TWO ROYAL LINES: PRINCE OLAF AND PRINCESS MARY OF WALES.



POLITICAL ENTHUSIASM EN MASSE: PART OF THE CROWD AT BELLEVUE GARDENS.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS SPEAKING AT BELLEVUE.

THE GREAT LIBERAL DEMONSTRATION AT MANCHESTER, JUNE 23.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BANKS.



# THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S HONEYMOON AT LA GRANJA.

STEREOGRAPHS (COPYRIGHT) BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



1. SUGAR FOR THE FAVOURITE: QUEEN VICTORIA FEEDING HER HORSE BEFORE MOUNTING.

2. KING ALFONSO AND QUEEN VICTORIA WALKING AT LA GRANJA.

3. KING ALFONSO'S THANKSGIVING FOR HIS ESCAPE: HIS MAJESTY IN A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION MAKING ONE OF THE STATIONS AT AN IMPROVED ALTAR.

4. QUEEN ENA MOUNTING HER HORSE WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE RIDING-MASTER, SEÑOR CORONA.

5. QUEEN VICTORIA STARTING FOR HER RIDE FROM THE COURTYARD OF LA GRANJA PALACE.



## THE DIAL OF LETTERS.

NOBODY should approach "Count Bunker" (Blackwood) who has an undeviating reverence for the probabilities, for they are disregarded by Mr. Storer Clouston on every page. To enjoy "Count Bunker," indeed, it is necessary to take a deep plunge into a world of screaming farce, and turn one's back on anything approaching to fact. The Baron Rudolph von Blitzenberg—whose broken English is the only tiresome thing in the book—exchanges identities, through the medium of his frolicsome friend, Mr. Essington, with an impecunious young Scotch Peer, Lord Tulliwuddle, and arrives in the Highlands to represent him on a visit which has matrimony for its ultimate object. Once the reader has resigned himself to the unhesitating acceptance by his associates of a Scottish nobleman whose accent is superabundantly Teutonic, and who insists on donning the kilt over his dress trousers, he will find the rest of the story comparatively easy to swallow. The pranks that Blitzenberg and Essington (*alias* Count Bunker) played upon all and sundry, the adventure with the family wraith, the adulatory greeting from Mrs. Gallosh at Hechnahoul, the discovery of the imposture by Miss Gallosh and her friend Miss Maddison, who had reason to consider themselves ill-used, are all treated in the same spirit of rollicking absurdity. It is a book to take to a large armchair built for laughing in; a book from which to drop tit-bits to a sympathetic friend. Mr. Clouston's brush is broad, and his colouring violent; but then—are we not on the edge of the holiday season?

"The Cubs" (T. Werner Laurie) were two young pickles at an Irish school who sometimes led Jan Farmer into mischief. Jan, whose real name was John, and whose nickname was Copper Jack, was a sturdy country boy with a turn for sentiment. The school at Thalma was much like other schools, with a little bullying, a little poaching, a little fighting, and a little football. It had, however, less smoking than we remember. The bullying was crushed in a spirited revolt inspired by a gentle-souled youth called Brunel, whose tragic figure suggests the tears that seem so natural to Irish tales. If this were not an Irish tale, one might say there were too many tears. But Shan F. Bullock knows his own country, and sparkles with so much Irish wit that he must not be tarred sentimentalist. This is a school-boy tale for grown-ups, just as "The Golden Age" is above the heads of children. Its writing is delightful, and there are memorable lines. Long George is a character of whom we have too little. "If bread was as cheap as pity, one might stop workin'," is one of his aphorisms. Another is, "If you can't see the ears on an ass, don't blame the ass." Jan, the hero, was an apt pupil of Long George, and many a chuckle do his sallies raise. This is in one way a remarkable schoolboy story. It contains no prigs.

Miss Duncan's choice of title, "A Summer Ride Through Western Tibet" (Smith, Elder), is, perhaps, not quite the most accurate for this entertaining account of her journey through Ladakh and Baltistan; but perusal of the book has given us so much pleasure that much graver faults could be readily pardoned. The author is a lady of enterprising and independent spirit, who, with a boundless stock of courage and a small stock of simple medicines, made her way with enjoyment through wild regions where probably no European woman has ever ventured alone before. Pills and boracic lotion (for sore eyes) made friends for her nearly everywhere; and when subordinate native officials were neglectful or obstructive, Miss Duncan, justly confident in her comprehension of native character, took the high hand and "bluffed" them successfully. She is a delightful travelling-companion, always in the best of spirits, always alert and ready to find interest in her surroundings, and endued with a sense of humour. Hers is the least egotistic personal narrative of travel we have read for a very long time, yet the individuality of the writer is as unconsciously as it is clearly brought home to us. Miss Duncan gives a very pleasing account of the Baltis, the greatest objection to intercourse with whom is the deplorable condition of dirt in which they live.

At the ripe age of twenty-five, John M'Donnell, slate-quarryman of Glencoe, became a student at Glasgow University, whence he returned as the spiritual director of the glen. And there came with him as his wife a pretty, foolish girl who had found it an easy task in Glasgow to enslave the simple Highlander. The high ideals of her visionary husband Ella M'Donnell could not understand, and it was only in the evening of his life, when his wife was long dead and his children had gone forth to homes of their own, that the preacher realised that the course of life which he had aspired to follow was one that could only be travelled alone. That is the story related in Madame Longard de Longgarde's new novel, "The Compromise" (Hutchinson). From his own children, trained too well by their foolish mother in the pettiest maxims of worldly wisdom, John M'Donnell found himself estranged. But to one of them, his youngest daughter, love brought the knowledge in time that there are better things in life than social success. A very charming love-story tells how Fenella M'Donnell renounced wealth and ease and went to help her quarryman-lover to make his home in Canada. The lover is a finely studied characterisation, one of Nature's gentlemen, a type of the splendid manhood that the North-West still absorbs from the glens of Scotland. A very readable novel is a little spoiled as a work of art by its thinly veiled purpose, which is a plea for the celibacy of the clergy.

Madame Longgarde is an uncompromising but not a convincing foe to the "compromise" of matrimony.

"The Bands of Orion" (Heinemann)—a very good title, though it does not appear to be the one first intended—deals with the impracticability of the true vagrant. He continues to exist, outside the gipsy camp or the fo'c'sle, cloaked in decent West-End garments and the higher education, but he is still the alien, a world removed from the modern life, just as Mrs. Grosvenor's clever study has depicted him. Arthur Dering was born with the wanderer's fever in his blood, and it was this lust for "the trail that is always new" that made a failure of him—such a failure as other men in their joyless successes, broken on the wheel of the commonplace existence, might envy and despise together. It did not matter so long as he kept clear of entanglements; but when he fell in love with Clare Stafford, and she with him, the conflicting claims of love and the world-hunger met and warred within him. We have no intention of "giving away" the plot of this fascinating story further than this; readers must go to the book itself to discover its conclusion. It is more than a good novel: it is a thoughtful, perceptive piece of work, in which the author has carried out her delineation of character with a consistency not often found in a first book, which we take this to be. The people move sedately, without gymnastics; things happen as they generally *do* happen in a prosaic world; and yet there is a swift romantic interest running from chapter to chapter.

Is it unpardonable to feel, while wandering with M. Le Braz through "The Land of Pardons" (Methuen) that Brittany is altogether too picturesque for the robust

## MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.—*Hamlet*.

CONDOLENCES are due to the L.C.C. That strenuous body, so little associated with the poetical or the romantic, has attempted one truly poetical and romantic thing, and has failed, through no fault of its own, but through the malice of the smallest and most amusing of the free citizens of London. Three years ago, some County Councillor, a fine spirit touched to fine issues (who can doubt it was Mr. John Burns himself?) saw that our parks and gardens lacked one great adornment—butterflies, and straightway prevailed upon his fellow ædiles to repair the defect. A sum of £50 was voted, a breeding-place was set up, and beds of nettles were planted for the encouragement of the beautiful creatures of a day. But alas! the L.C.C. reckoned without the aforesaid smallest and most impudent of their fellow-citizens, the common sparrow. That unlicensed freebooter found that the municipal butterfly, or its larva, made uncommon good eating, and so the most charming of civic schemes has at length been sorrowfully abandoned.

In "For the Crown," Mrs. Patrick Campbell used to recite an exquisite little poem with the refrain—

Butterflies—all black.

Councillors, all in black, convened in secret conclave, have listened, with tears of sensibility, while their laureate mourned the devastated glory of their Spring Gardens. Closing his eyes for a moment, the ecstatic Bard exclaimed, with Cyrano de Bergerac, "Je choisis mes rimes," and then broke into this Ballade—

Mourn, mourn, ye groves and haunted springs,  
And you, Sicilian Muses, weep;  
Harper Apollo, hush thy strings,  
And holy silence bid them keep.  
Ours is a woe for song too deep—  
Cease, then, thy darting quill to ply,  
And mourn, in grief that may not sleep,  
The vanished civic butterfly.

The glory of created things—  
The surging tides, both spring and neap,  
That gird the dædal earth; the wings  
That roseate from the ocean leap  
To bear Aurora up the steep  
Ascent of heaven; the gorgeous dye  
Of sunset—these we counted cheap  
Beside the civic butterfly.

We dreamed through mazy choric rings  
Our senatorial robes to sweep  
When, stirred by shafts the sun-god flings,  
Forth from its silken shroud should peep  
The creature, once of them that creep,  
Now winged and glorious to the eye.  
Such was the joy we hoped to reap  
From thee, O civic butterfly!

ENVOI.

Lo! from a neighbouring gardener's heap  
The sparrow cocked an impious eye,  
Came, saw, and with exultant cheep!  
Conquered our civic butterfly.

There is but one comfort for our guardians. Ages hence, when the New Zealander, or, more likely, the Japanese archæologist, explores the ruins of the great County Council Hall across the river, he will discover in a faded account-book this entry—

To butterflies for the Parks .. £50 0 0

and he will, if the Japanese be still idealists, and not extinguished by bowler-hats, write for the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* an exquisite essay on the æsthetic instincts of the London County Council. As periods are apt to become confused in the depths of time, he may even form a delightful theory that the County Councillor who advocated this scheme for the decoration of public places could have been none other than one James McNeill Whistler. "Regarding this person the historians are divided, some saying he was an honourable painter, others a decorator, while yet others say he was both, as there is evidence on certain antique English signboards in the Tokio Museum that the professions were sometimes combined. At any rate, his cartouche was unmistakably the butterfly."

The study of antiquity is not always so wisely directed. Just now it might be of infinite service to those strenuous ladies who desire the franchise. If only Dr. Emil Reich would cease to waste his energy on teaching boudoir Plato to the butterflies of Claridge's, and, tenderly gathering the Suffragettes about him in Grosvenor Square, Hyde Park, or even Hammersmith Mall, would give them a course of lectures on Aristophanes (whom I am sure he knows as well as he knows his Plato) he would help them enormously, and would save Mr. Asquith and the mother of Parliaments much sorrow. For in "The Eccleziastusæ" or "Women Parliamentarians" the whole question of the Suffragette is already solved. When the dear ladies of Athens sought not merely the franchise, but a seat in the Assembly, they knew better than to brawl. Theirs was the harmlessness of the dove yoked with the wisdom of the serpent. Fortunately for them, the assembly met very early, so in the dim hour of dawn, when the lawful members still snored, Praxagora, the Miss Billington of those days, brought her fellow conspirators to the sacred seats of legislation. They came quietly, each with her sleeping husband's cloak, his staff, and—attend, ye Suffragettes—a false beard! The staff served merely to complete their disguise, the horsewhip was not for these quietly insidious reformers. Darkling they came, and, suspected of no official, they took the places of the rightful lawgivers. No need to screech from the ladies' gallery, they held the house itself—nay more, the early bird of freedom, while its own domestic worm slumbered, had secured a majority.

J. D. SYMON.



CHILDREN OF VANNES.

Reproduced from "The Land of Pardons" by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

picture-maker, too idyllic for the imaginative poet? It is a country costumed like an expensive Bond Street tea-shop; a description of its interiors reads like elaborate stage-directions; its legends and landscapes—well, "le bon Dieu" was good indeed to the Institute of Water-Colours and the Neo-Celtic Press when He made the land of Brittany. Such material may be treated very differently. One way is typified by the friend (we have all had this friend) who hangs a Breton sabot by yellow ribbons to the wall, after the brush of Aspinall has given a polish to its rude wood, and meek plumes of fern have been induced to wave from the cavity of its toe-piece. This is not the way of M. Le Braz. Every page of these five studies of representative Pardons is full of the prettiness and pathos which belong by right to his subject. If there are many pages, and they suffer a little from a sweet monotony, that is not the fault of their author. Readers of Pierre Loti should remember that it was at a Pardon on the 8th December—the Pardon d'Islandais, that Gaud first met Sann. His sketch of it hangs like a graceful pastel between marines of the sinister North Sea, where men looking for fish find death, and its impression gains in beauty by its setting. But the enthusiast who asks for more will find real Breton peasants along these roads "that loiter round a thousand corners"; among the churches which a vague candle-light makes soft and mysterious; by the fires of farm-house kitchens; and they will tell him in their own words those legends which do seem to form a "religious eclogue, softly flowering, full of the double perfume of nature and piety." There are several colour reproductions from drawings by Mr. Gotch, many interesting photographs, and the translation into English appears to have been admirably done.

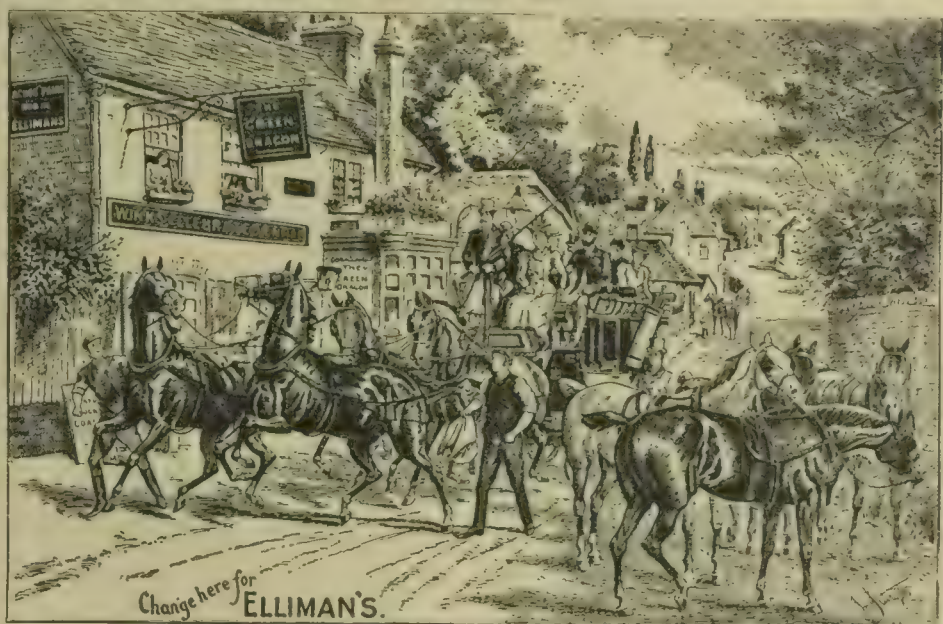


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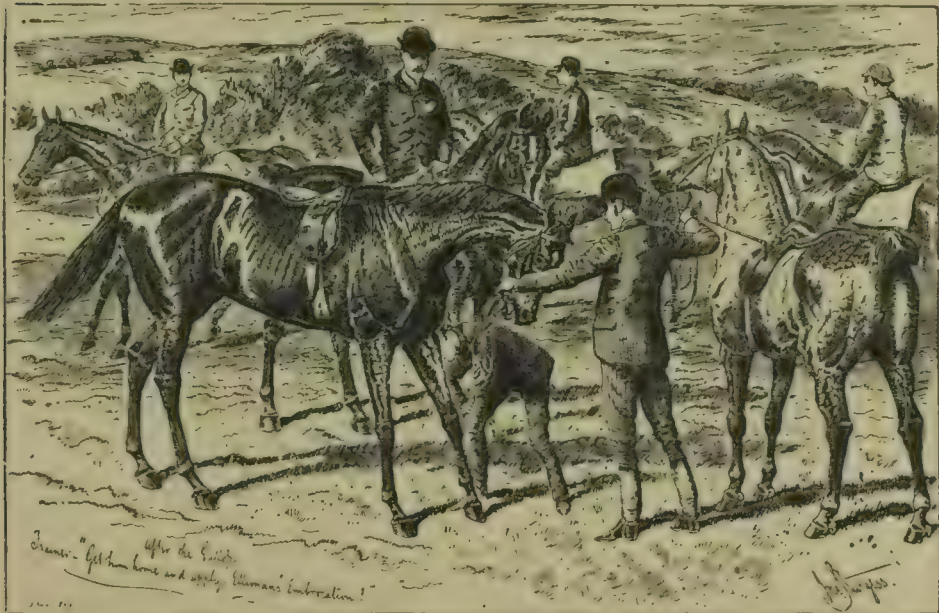
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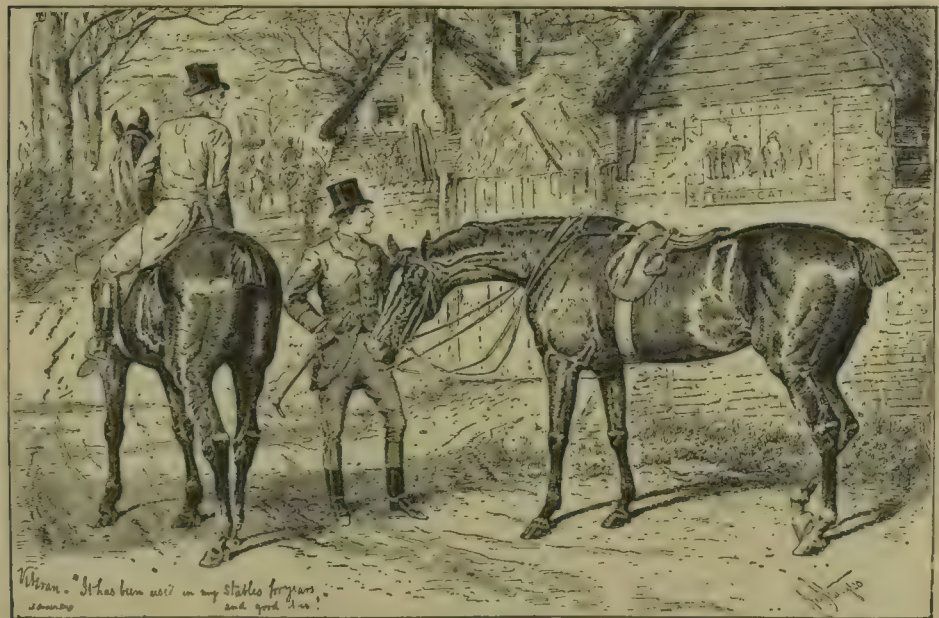
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VETERAN: "IT HAS BEEN USED IN MY STABLE FOR YEARS, AND GOOD IT IS!"



ELLI-MAN'S USEFUL TO FIREMEN.



TAKES FIRST PRIZE AND GIVES THANKS TO ELLIMAN'S.



SERGEANT: "ELLI-MAN'S I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!"



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Archbishop of York completed his eightieth year on June 18, and received a very large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams. Dr. Maclagan is able to go out for a ride on horseback every afternoon.

Much sympathy is felt for Canon Julian, the eminent hymnologist, in the death of his son, the Rev. C. E. Julian, Rector of Milstead. A striking testimony to his

preach at St. Mary's, and after the sermon will preside at a meeting on behalf of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, at which Mr. Teignmouth Shore and others will speak.

The Bishop of Barking presided last week over the annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission for Sailors. He remarked that the dock parishes have usually very large populations of their own for the clergy to look after, and the addition of a "sailor's clergyman" to the parish staff was of the greatest value. A

Hassard said he felt some anxiety because, after having had three parishes of over ten thousand persons, he was now called to be Rector of a comparatively small parish. He was almost like a shepherd without a fold, because practically they had no parish church. He hoped to be a link between the various parishes in the city and the cathedral.

Last week's very successful bazaar at the City Temple was patronised by Church people as well as by Nonconformists. The presence of Mr. Balfour drew an



BRITISH AND FRENCH FLAGS IN FLOWERS.

*Photo. Wade.*

THE JEWEL OF A ROYAL ARCH-MASON IN FLOWERS.

*Photo. Ponting.*

## THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" AND MASONIC EMBLEMS IN FLOWERS AT PENGRE RECREATION GROUND.

These particularly fine specimens of decorative flower beds are to be seen in the pretty recreation ground at Pengre. The flags representing the "Entente Cordiale" are composed of some thousands of plants, the flags being produced in their proper colours. The second bed represents the jewel of a Royal Arch-Mason. The central sun represents the Creator, the interlaced triangles Fire and Water, and the circle Infinity and Eternity. This work in varying form is carried out every year by the superintendent, Mr. Waller.

influence marked the Sunday after his death, when a family of six, whose father had till then refused to have them baptised, were made "members of Christ" at the font by Canon Julian, in deference to the last dying wish of their Rector.

The Bishop of London has already made arrangements for his annual visit to Oxford in October. He will

large number of our Oriental fellow-subjects were constantly landing on our shores, generally in rough parts, and were often rather roughly treated. It would be a scandal if the Church of England did nothing for these people.

A very cordial welcome has been given by Truro Churchmen to the Rev. R. S. Hassard, the new Rector of St. Mary's and Sub-Dean of the Cathedral. Mr.

attendance of nearly a thousand on the opening day. The chairman, Professor Smith, Mayor of Holborn, had a reception hardly inferior to that of the ex-Premier and Mr. Campbell. Among the visitors on Wednesday was Mrs. De Witt Talmage, widow of the noted preacher. She came to hear her countrywoman, Mrs. Morgan Richards, who was accompanied by "John Oliver Hobbes." V.

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## MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN has accepted ballet, and in future we may look to see the modern productions of writer, musician, and ballet-master set by the side of the smaller operas that cannot hold the stage alone. Perhaps we may even look for the *ballabile* that has been divorced so long from the big works of many favourite composers. Gounod, Meyerbeer, Bizet, Verdi, and other masters of opera who have still to be reckoned with included ballet—or, to write more correctly, *ballabile*—in some of their best-known work, and if the taste for dancing has returned to London, we may look in the near future to see grand opera given in its entirety. M. Messager's ballet, "Les Deux Pigeons," is a pretty trifle; the music is charmingly melodious and daintily scored. It is only when the dramatic moments come along that the composer seems to forget that his orchestra has to take the place of the human voice. The compression of the ballet from three tableaux into two does not make for the clearness of an action that is further weakened by the employment of a woman instead of a man for the chief male part. The *travesti* is, of course, a French institution: the Italian ballet-masters rely upon a man for the chief male part, and the Italian lovers of ballet look to the male dancer for certain steps that belong to him of right, though in Paris they are often taken by women. Vincenti or Cecchetti, who used to dance in town a few years ago, and were perhaps two of the last male dancers seen in London, would have done well with the *travesti's* part. But the return of dancing to the opera is matter for congratulation rather than criticism, and if we do criticise "Les Deux Pigeons" it is chiefly from a desire to emphasise the fact that Covent Garden can, and doubtless will, give still better ballets. In Mlle. Boni the house has secured a dancer of the first class. There might be a

few very critical observers who will say that her feet are not always turned out to the extent one looks for, that the curve of her *ballon* movements is not sufficiently accentuated; but nobody will deny her grace or the technical skill that enabled her, when she had conquered a very reasonable first-night nervousness, to present certain highly elaborated versions of steps belonging of right to the prima ballerina's

been brought over from Brussels, is very well equipped, and when we consider how difficult it is to give many rehearsals to a ballet when new operas are being presented nearly every week, the management will be congratulated upon a successful and artistic undertaking.

## HANDEL FESTIVAL.

As far as can be judged from general rehearsal, the Handel Festival promised to live up to its reputation. The spirit of enthusiasm among performers and audience survived the rather trying ordeal of the journey to Sydenham, and the choruses were taken with an intelligence, a spirit, and vigour that must have been highly encouraging to Dr. Cowen, who is to be congratulated upon his firmness in treating the occasion as a general rehearsal should be treated, and checking the performers whenever he felt that a little explanation and repetition would ensure a better result.

## CONCERTS.

An interesting concert was given on Friday, June 22, when some of the "phantasies" that were submitted in competition for the prize given by Mr. W. W. Cobbett and the Worshipful Company of Musicians were performed at the Bechstein Hall. In spite of the freedom from restriction enjoyed by the competitors, most of the work took the sonata form, and the composition that did most to justify the title of "phantasy" was the one written by the late Mr. W. Y. Hurlstone, who, it will be remembered, secured the prize. Busoni was also heard at the Bechstein Hall last week.

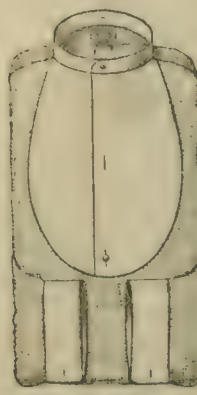
On Saturday last Herr Backhaus gave an interesting recital at Queen's Hall, and, partly perhaps because he is giving no other recital in town this season, the attendance was a very good one. Herr Backhaus, assisted by the New Symphony Orchestra, was at his best in Bach's D minor concerto, and if he failed to make Dr. Richard Strauss's "Burleske" altogether interesting the fault can hardly be said to lie with him.



Photo. Nilsson.

KING HAAKON'S PROGRESS TO HIS CORONATION: THE ROYAL YACHT ANCHORING AT CHRISTIANSAND.

variation. The *travesti*, Mlle. Legrand, quite a capable dancer, was hardly strong enough to carry the weight of the dramatic moments, but the second dancer, Mlle. Raulin, is a very captivating little artist. Maître Ambrosini should see to it that his company reduces the speed of its gestures. It is perfectly impossible for an audience to follow movements designed to explain the action of a story when they are taken at the speed practised last week. The corps-de-ballet, which has

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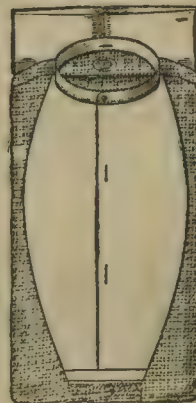
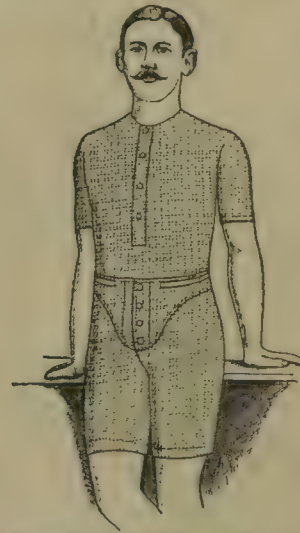
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## LADIES' PAGES.

THE King and Queen have not disappointed those of their subjects who would have had to be excluded from attendance at Court this season if the postponed Drawing-Rooms had not been held later. The usual four Courts are to be held, with the result that these functions are going considerably later into the season than is customary. Summer heats seemed to demand light Court gowns for these later Courts, and soft brocades and satins were more made for this week's wear than velvets or heavy varieties of silk. The transparent trains of yester-year, however, have disappeared from sight. Their tendency to twist themselves round into wisps at the critical moment has mitigated their intrinsic charm too greatly. Striped gauze is suddenly a favourite with the modistes, and painted chiffon and real lace take a high place in fashion; but these transparent fabrics were supported upon glacé linings, not worn transparent. The distinctive feature of the Court gown this season is the lavish use of embroideries, and these are seen to the greatest advantage on the Princess-shaped gowns which are exceedingly fashionable. Embroideries running up in unbroken but tapering lines from the feet to the décolletage—wide at the bottom, shaping in to the waist, and then duly widening to the bust once more—are the proper adornment of a Princess Court gown.

Here are a few characteristic gowns for the June Court word-pictured. An under-dress of white net was worked with burnished and dull silver threads and pearls, in a design of a trellis covered with roses. This design reached in a graceful, tapering fashion from the lace flounce round the edge of the skirt right up to the bodice, where a deep belt of silver tissue interposed between the skirt silver decorations and similar corsage embroideries. The train was of white satin, edged down inside with a deep frilling of white net profusely sprinkled with diamanté, while the long folds of white satin were trimmed with lace flouncing all round outside. A dress of white chiffon was embroidered as high as the knee in silks of mauve and pink shadings holding on large black lace medallions; a full wreath of mauve chiffon roses surrounded the foot of the skirt under the embroideries. The train was mauve chiffon taffetas trimmed with a deep flounce of point d'Alençon, fixed with mauve roses and foliage at the points of the train. A white satin skirt was embroidered with black velvet true-lovers' knots, each of which was surrounded and outlined with embroidery in crystal bugles and pearls, and then from the centre of each velvet bow seemed to hang a basket of pink and gold threads filled with sweet peas in many harmonious shades of pink and red and mauve. The train was black Brussels net laid over white satin and trimmed with lines of sharply pointed golden sequins all down its length to a full embroidery done in gold thread at the bottom. Finally, I may describe a Princess dress of white satin with the front opened at the feet in a



A SIMPLE SILK GOWN.

This pretty little frock is in soft taffetas glacé in a delicate mauve and green shading. The bolero is crossed over, and edged with ruching of the silk above a folded belt, and similar pleatings appear as trimmings on the skirt.

deep V to show an inserted pleating of Brussels point lace; on either side of this was a draping of white net embroidered with purple bugles and silver paillettes in a wreath-like design, through which meandered a narrow mauve velvet ribbon, itself embroidered with gold and jet in tiny wreath patterns. The train was white brocaded with an imitation fancy pale purple ribbon, and having a deep flounce of old Brussels point round the bottom, fixed on with wide purple velvet ribbon bows and sprays of gold oats, a similar trimming being placed at the left shoulder.

Ascot was favoured with summer weather, and the gowns were gorgeous accordingly. One of the features was the universal employment of some sort of neck arrangement to enhance the *tout ensemble*, but the varying fashion of this was remarkable. The long scarves of the Early Victorian era in chiffon, painted gauze, or embroidered tulle, formed the favoured finish with many; they were sometimes held in place by a rosette of satin being used to gather up the extreme back centre slightly, so that the weight of the rosette should help to "keep the middle to the middle," while the long ends had to be gracefully managed over the arms near the elbows. These scarves are undoubtedly effective, especially on tall and slender women. The ostrich-feather boa is far more costly, and as it forms a becoming frame behind the face, it was not dispensed with at Ascot, hot though the day might be, by women who had paid ten or twelve guineas for the possession. The newest fancy, however, is a very full tulle ruche, coming to just over the shoulders, where it is finished off by a cluster of loops and ends of black velvet ribbon and pinned on to the corsage. This must be absolutely fresh to stand up as it should do, and then it has the effect of an Elizabethan ruff behind the head, and is singularly becoming. These latest ruffles cost about a guinea, but the necessity for their possessing absolute crisp freshness makes them rather extravagant wear. An exceptionally general patronage of them for Ascot dress proved how rapidly they have become popular.

White is exceedingly fashionable this season, and was chosen by Princess Alexander of Teck in the form of a gown of linon-de-soie embroidered in silk in a design of bunches of grapes, with the appropriate leafage; with this was a wide hat of white chiffon, trimmed with biscuit-coloured ostrich-feathers. The Duchess of Marlborough had a beautifully embroidered white crêpe-de-Chine dress, with a white picture-hat. Embroideries in white touched with gold in the form of ripe wheat-ears on white mousseline-de-soie over glacé, made a beautiful gown worn by the American Countess of Craven. A large number of the striped gauzes that have so suddenly become the highest mode were worn, too. How do the big dressmakers "put their heads together," I wonder, and agree to persuade so many of their best-dressing customers suddenly to adopt one and the same novelty? The Duchess of Devonshire, who always favours some

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white in her costume, thinking, and justly so, that it is becoming to every age of woman, wore a delicate grass-green and white striped silk gauze; and the Duchess of Newcastle wore palest blue-and-white striped gauze, and a hat trimmed with cherries. Lady Lurgan chose black-and-white striped gauze, and Lady Gerard was in narrowly striped pink and white. Taffetas, shot or embroidered, was much seen, and blue appeared to be quite the favourite colour with those who departed from white in its pristine purity or modified by coloured stripes. White embroidered silk muslin seemed almost monotonous after a time, although it was differentiated in appearance by coloured belts, by various kinds of ruffle, and by infinite forms of fancy in the *chapeaux*. Two gowns that hailed direct from Paris attracted considerable attention by being so different from the usual "cut." These were both walking length, immensely full round the feet, but provided with almost sheath-tight tops to the skirts. In one case there was a corselet top of broderie Anglaise, terminating in points that came down at their extreme tips to about the ankle, but vandyked widely above, where the space was filled in with flouncings innumerable of white muslin. The second was of white mousseline-de-soie, with a black taffetas deep belt, and an edging of black taffetas to the points of the tunic, below which flouncings of the muslin edged with narrow black lace insertion appeared, the corsage consisting of similar frillies of white edged with narrow black lace, opening V-shape over a narrow vest of many-coloured embroideries on white lace, a big black bow closing the heart-shaped opening.

Paris also sent over some smart gowns that had muslin skirts and coat-bodices in taffetas, made with *chic* little tails. A pale-green taffetas coat, over a cherry muslin skirt, would have been too loud but for the black hat trimmed sparingly with cherry-coloured tulle and black and red cherries. Another example of this combination was a brown tulle underdress in corselet shape, embroidered with small green blossoms, under a green taffetas Directoire coat, with tails at the back, but cut off very short in front, just under the bust, in fact, where the silk coat terminated above the corselet skirt; a pale-green crinoline toque, with brown ostrich feathers, was worn with this strikingly *chic* gown. A gown of blue-and-white gauze, in Princess fashion, was worn with a bolero of lace laid over gold tissue and trimmed with tiny blue velvet bows. A dress in striped gooseberry-green and white gauze, corselet fashion, was accordion-pleated, which gives the stripes a novel and pretty effect as the wearer moves; the bolero was of the same material, edged round with a very rich beaded embroidery, and a white lace guimpe with similar bead embroidered collar relieved the effect. A simple but very effective toilette was of much-embroidered white linen, relieved only by the pale-blue tulle scarf carried over the arms, and a blue chiffon hat with full white aigrette. A long coat of Irish crochet worn over a white silk muslin skirt,



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Built in striped flannel, and trimmed with buttons and cord, with vest of broderie Anglaise, this is a smart and practical costume.

with a deep flounce of the same, the foundation being orchid mauve silk, was extremely effective.

While the fashionable world thus made holiday, the ladies appointed from all over the country as delegates to the Annual Convention of the Women's Liberal Federation gathered in town to discuss subjects of great importance to women and the community, such as the feeding of school-children by the State, the proper attitude of women interested in public affairs to the Members of Parliament who refuse women votes, and the industrial disabilities inflicted on women wage-earners by neglect of the "truck" laws—which means getting payment in goods instead of money for their labour. Even these earnest ladies, however, had their social recreation, for a beautiful party was given them by Mrs. James Stuart, wife of the Member for Sunderland. The scene was Caxton Hall, Westminster, which was turned into a pretty reception-room by abundant floral decorations. Mrs. Stuart received her guests wearing a Princess gown of white satin and a diamond tiara, and amongst those whom she greeted were the Countess of Carlisle, in a biscuit-coloured satin dress, with her daughter, Lady Dorothy Howard, in a pretty pink taffetas, and the Countess of Aberdeen, in black-and-white striped satin with many diamonds and a parure of old amethysts. There was a concert in another room, diversified with scenes from delightful "Cranford"; the Early Victorian costumes and yet more characteristic timidities and airs and graces of Miss Matty and her friends no doubt gave the delegates food for amusement at the thought of "the change twixt now and then."

Here again are the summer sales! At each of the two establishments of the famous and always reliable house of Peter Robinson, the sale begins on July 2 and lasts through the month. Wonderful reductions are made at these two great places of business in order that the stock may be ever freshly replenished. The furs at the Oxford Circus establishment are marvellous this time; smart boleros in beaver and also in caracul are reduced from 7½ to the amazing price of 4½ guineas; large Persian lamb stoles can be acquired for 2½ instead of 4 guineas, and cravats in moleskin at 11s. 6d vie in wonderful intrinsic value with stone marten colarettes at 5½ guineas. This is explained by the inclusion in the sale of the stocks of two high-class furriers. But like striking reductions rule throughout the departments, as an early visit to Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, or the Sale Catalogue (which is sent free on application) will indicate. At the Regent Street house black is a speciality, and there are great bargains in black skirts and gowns waiting, including a tucked voile skirt lined with silk, to be obtained for one guinea. The unmade robes, black and coloured dress materials, and ladies' outfitting offer really remarkable bargains too. A Sale Catalogue can be had on application to 252, Regent Street. **FILomena.**

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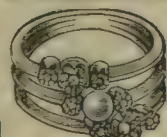
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## ART NOTES.

IN the list of the Friday Club exhibitors is the unexpected name of a poet and a politician. That Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has a fine style in paint as well as in verse, in politics, and in prose is established by his "Head" at Clifford's Inn Hall. The qualities of this canvas are far from being merely those negative ones that the cultured amateur, free from the vices of professionalism, may bring to an unfamiliar medium. Mr. Blunt has

many years, and is the only one which Mr. Blunt has to his name, suggests that in him England has lost a painter of renown.

Dering Yard, to be approached from Bond Street, is the present home of the New English Art Club, and the gallery therein is likely to serve that body's needs for a succession of exhibitions. Perhaps the Academy owes some of its stability and prosperity to the house that obviously holds it. Meanwhile, its most serious opponent, artistically speaking, has been hustled

seemed eccentric may now look normal to the accustomed eye; but we believe there is an actual change. The New English Art Club is becoming academical! Mr. John Sargent, R.A., is, however, a sturdy rebel, throwing down the traditions of "finish" and ignoring all the petty bye-laws of technique that are, although unwritten, only too faithfully observed in Burlington House. It is long since Mr. Sargent has been so strongly represented: he sends three canvases and two water-colours. And it is seldom that one artist so usurps the walls of London's three largest annual



REIGATE PRIORY FROM THE PARK.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE PRIORY.

Photos. Frith.

## THE KING'S VISIT TO REIGATE: THE HOUSE WHERE HIS MAJESTY STAYED.

His Majesty spent last week-end at Reigate Priory with Captain the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Greville. The priory formerly belonged to the Augustinians. At the dissolution it went to Lord Howard, and in 1697 it came into possession of the Somerset family.

brought these in force, but he has also brought a very quick sense of technical beauty, so that the delicate handling of his paint in the woman's intent face is not without its reminiscence of Romney. A habit of the studios that has its uses has been unobserved by Mr. Blunt when he laid such heavy paint on his canvas in its darker spaces; but if he was poet, or politician, or *prosateur* when he thus strayed from an artistic convention, he was eminently a painter when he observed the broad effect of light upon his model's forehead, and indicated it with such delicately applied pigment. This work, which, we believe, dates back

out of the Egyptian Hall, has been more or less homeless for a year, and now takes refuge in a yard where one listens for the stamping of horses' hoofs and the clamour of grooms at their work. It is a pleasant enough gallery, and this year's exhibition is the most admirable that has been held by the New English Art Club for several years.

There are fewer surprises to-day in Dering Yard than were to be noted in the last of the Egyptian Hall exhibitions: the stable-boy of Bond Street, if he leaves his task to look at pictures, will be less astonished than was, perhaps, the conjurer of Piccadilly. That which

exhibitions. It is thought that Mr. Sargent has only two pictures reaching his own high high-water mark in the Royal Academy, but these two, the group of American doctors and the landscape, overmaster everything about them. At the New Gallery Mr. Sargent's are, of course, the contributions that command the eye; and at the New English, while he is denied the very obvious advantages of contrast that he gains elsewhere, he is strong above any of his fellow exhibitors.

In "In Switzerland" Mr. Sargent, the ever-wakeful, has painted four sleeping companions of the road, lying

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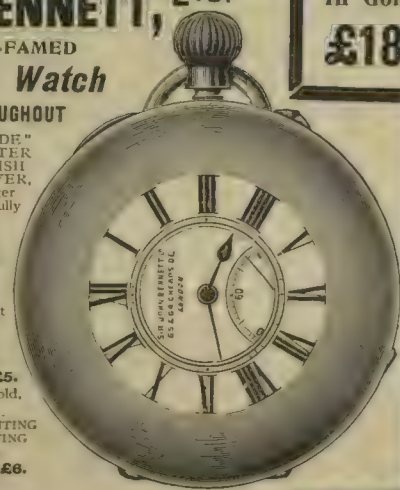
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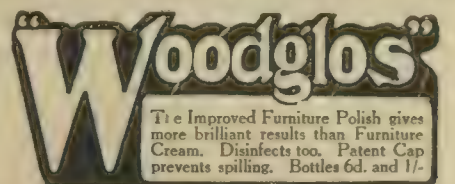


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Steer's "Portrait of the Artist," painted for the Uffizi Gallery, is not a very happy representation of this painter's art; but the Uffizi has hitherto been so unfortunate in its English acquisitions that we must be grateful that any work of Mr. Steer's

do not remember to have seen any interior so filled before.  
W. M.

The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, appeals for support for the new infants' ward for cases of "English cholera" to establish the successful experiment begun last year. The Goldsmiths Company, which gives its name to the ward, has contributed £500.

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ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER: THE CROWD AT BOULTER'S LOCK.

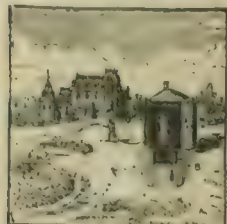
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is to hang on those Florentine walls. "Chepstow Castle," by the same artist, is a fine landscape, but we like best "The Music Room," a picture of an interior filled with the silver light of spring as we

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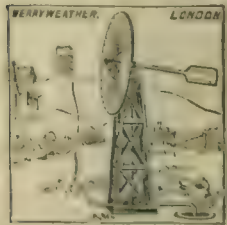
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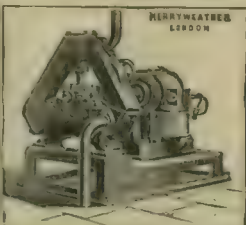
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## YOUR SKIN

## How to render it Healthy and keep it so

Everyone realises the importance of maintaining the health of the body and its various organs, but there is a tendency to forget the importance of maintaining the health of the skin. As soon as the digestion is affected the sufferer from indigestion notices that something is wrong, and an effort is made to find a remedy, but it frequently happens that the health of the skin becomes affected without any attempt being made to discover a cure for the trouble. Promptitude in dealing with the first signs of skin illness would prevent an enormous amount of discomfort and even disfigurement, and if prompt attention were always given serious skin ailments, such as eczema, psoriasis, and many other unpleasant affections would become a thing of the past.

Speaking generally, serious skin troubles do not make their appearance without warning. In the majority of cases before severe skin troubles occur the skin has been chapped, irritated, red or rough, or a breaking out or slight rash has occurred. This has failed to receive proper treatment, with the result that the trouble has continued, become worse and increased its hold upon the system. The path of wisdom is therefore to notice any signs of skin illness immediately they appear and to take steps for their removal. As one dresses every morning it is very easy by looking at the mirror to see if the skin is perfectly healthy, and the slight trouble this involves will be amply repaid by the preservation of skin health and the avoidance of skin blemishes. Surely this is sufficient reward for so small an amount of daily attention.

Supposing, however, that the reader has a skin trouble of any description, what should be done to cure it? The first thing to do is to apply "Antexema," and this should be done immediately, because the moment "Antexema" is applied your cure has commenced. If any irritation exists, as is frequently the case in skin troubles, "Antexema" will instantly stop this, and the other effects of the ailments will also gradually disappear. If taken at a sufficiently early stage the skin trouble will be removed before it is noticeable by anyone else, but even if the adoption of the treatment has been delayed the value of "Antexema" will very soon become clear to you.

It may be noted that the claims made for "Antexema" are not simply that it will cure severe manifestations of skin illness, but every form of skin trouble, whether slight or severe. That is why "Antexema" is so rapidly

supplanting cold cream and other such preparations. It does everything that cold cream does, and a great deal more. "Antexema" cools, soothes, and comforts any roughened or irritated skin surface, but in addition, it heals, cures, and takes away the cause of irritation or discomfort.



To remove all rashes on the skin use "Antexema."

by a well-known doctor. "Antexema" is non-poisonous, is invisible on the skin, safe and cannot conceivably harm the tender skin of the youngest infant, so that there need be neither fear nor hesitation about using it.

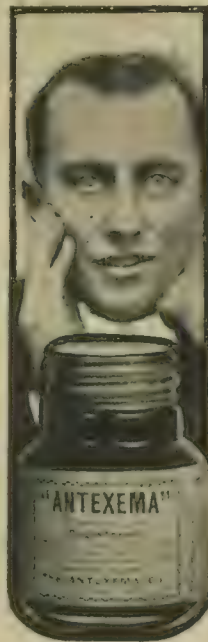
With the object of supplying the public with information in regard to the skin and its care, the makers enclose with every bottle of "Antexema" a most valuable little family handbook on "Skin Troubles," which embodies the latest results of scientific research and knowledge in regard to the hygiene of the skin. The great virtue of the handbook on "Skin Troubles" is not in its size. It is small and light, and will go into the pocket, but it contains more genuine and valuable information than many books twenty times its size. The following are the headings of some of the paragraphs:—Care of the Skin, What the Skin is, What a Skin Trouble is, The Antexema Skin Remedies, Skin Troubles caused by Excessive Oily Secretion, by Deficient Oily Secretion, by Excessive Formation of the Scarf-skin, by Unhealthy Scarf-skin, by Acid Perspiration, by Impure Blood, and those caused by Insects and Vegetable Moulds. Some of the skin troubles referred to are:—Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Blackheads, Boils, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Corns and Bunions, Dandruff; Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily Chapped Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Erythema, Facial Blemishes, Flushings, Freckles, Gouty or Rheumatic Eczema, Insect Bites, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Lupus, Nettle-rash, Piles, Pimples,

Prickly heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scabies, Scald Head, Scrofula, Seborrhœa, Shingles, Ulcers, Warts and Wrinkles. General Hints on Diet are given, and a full list of the "Antexema" preparations, so that the booklet may well be described as affording "infinite riches in a little room."

In addition to "Antexema" itself, those who desire a healthy skin, free from spots, pimples, redness, or roughness, should always make it a rule to use "Antexema Soap," which exerts a gentle purifying effect on the skin, and keeps it healthy and beautiful. "Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores, in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d., or direct post free same price. In cases in which skin troubles are due to impurity of the blood, "Antexema Granules" should be used, as these contain the purifying elements of the Harrogate Mineral Springs. They thus go to the fountain head, cleanse the blood itself, and so assist in removing the local manifestations of blood impurity.

The following are some recent letters received: "Antexema" has cured a rash from which I suffered for a considerable time." "Antexema" did more for the eruption on my chin than anything I tried after suffering from it for two years." "I am pleased to say that I tried 'Antexema' and found it thoroughly genuine." "I have tried nearly everything, but 'Antexema' is the only thing that I have found that will cure spots on the face." "Antexema" is a marvellous cure for such a serious trouble as eczema. Since using it I am a new man and I recommend it to all who suffer from eczema." "I have used 'Antexema' with beneficial results and my skin has now regained its natural freshness." "I have found 'Antexema' succeed where all other treatments were complete failures." "Mrs. — feels most grateful for 'Antexema.' She has been a sufferer for some time from irritation of the skin, but after applying 'Antexema' for four nights she has derived great relief." "It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from 'Antexema.' I have suffered a great deal with blackheads, and have tried several remedies, but to no effect. I tried 'Antexema' and the result was wonderful, and I am now quite cured."

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. from The Antexema Co., 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" may be obtained in India and all British Colonies and Possessions from the leading Chemists. A most interesting little handbook on "Skin Troubles," full of interesting and accurate information on the care of the skin and cure of skin ailments, is enclosed with every bottle.



"Antexema" removes all facial blemishes.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE MACLEANS OF BAIRNESS," AT THE CRITERION.

THERE is a certain futility involved in criticism of a play that has already suffered eclipse, and so it seems almost needless to dwell on the weaknesses of stage-craft which have brought the fate of failure upon Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's Jacobite problem-drama, "The Macleans of Bairness." The pity of the whole affair, alike for the playwright and her manageress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is this, that Mrs. Lyttelton has spoilt by amateurish and listless treatment a really fine idea, her heroine's situation being very much that of Mr. Hardy's Tess on her wedding-day. The play begins well enough with a seeming death-bed marriage, in which the Jacobite heroine, Margaretta, takes part, persuaded that, though she has been victimised abroad by the passion of the Young Pretender, there can be no harm in her wedding a dying cousin and keeping her own secret. Promising, too, are subsequent complications when Sir Alan Maclean, instead of dying, recovers from illness, and the hunted Prince Charles seeks refuge in the house of this staunch Hanoverian. But at the very moment of stress the drama goes all to pieces. By all sorts of tiresome devices the playwright prevents Margaretta from confessing to her husband her past indiscretion; the Pretender is presented as a roystering cad, and the inevitable scenes of discovery and reconciliation prove singularly weak and inept. Much might have been forgiven Mrs. Lyttelton if she had given Mrs. Patrick Campbell any real histrionic opportunities, but not all this brilliant actress's picturesque poses and haunting cadences and pathetic alternations of smiles and tears could make the heroine's scenes other than monotonous and uninteresting.

"SEE-SEE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.  
Now and again lately musical comedy has shown signs of having passed its zenith; short runs have been



1. THE BALLET.

2. THE OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

Photos. Raffael.

## A FÊTE AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY IN PARIS.

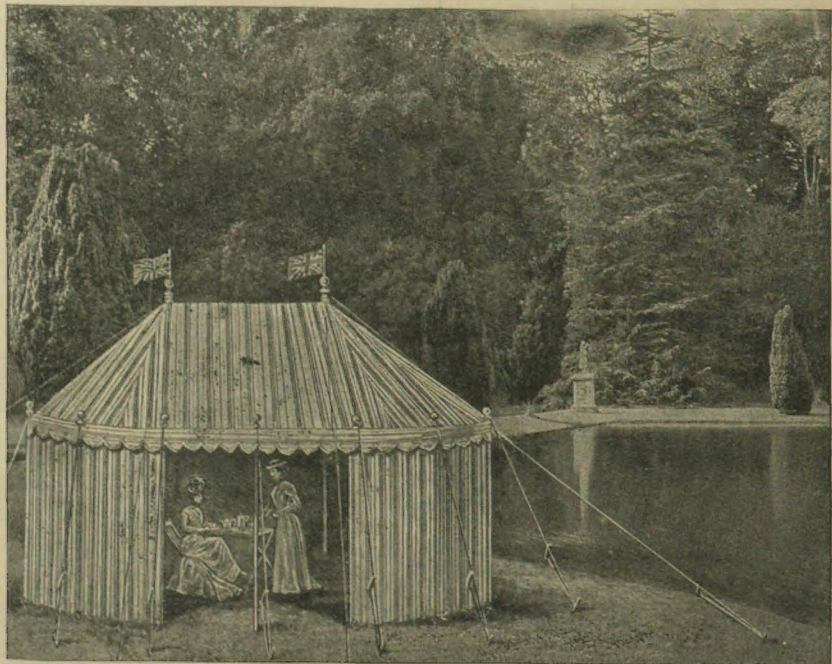
Songs were given by singers in national costume, and there was a charming revival of the open-air ballet of the time of Louis XIV.

frequent, and managerial judgment has seemed sometimes at fault. But Mr. George Edwardes has made no mistake with his new Chinese opera, "See-See," which is quite as charming and should be as long-lived an entertainment as the popular "Geisha." The composer, indeed, of the two pieces is the same, and Mr. Sidney Jones's latest score is one of his best, full of piquant melody, refined phrasing, and accomplished

orchestration. Nor is it only Mr. Jones who in "See-See" has rejoined Mr. Edwardes' forces; the popular comedian of old Daly days has returned, and finds work after his own heart in the protean disguises of a Chinese intriguer, who is a veritable quick-change artist. Attractive music and a first-rate comedian are essential factors in the success of any musical comedy, but Mr. Edwardes has not stopped short with securing these at the Prince of Wales's. Beautiful costumes we expect of him, and the dresses worn in "See-See" provide the most exquisite colour-harmonies; but the manager has also furnished an intelligible if rather thin story, the libretto having been adapted from Madame Gresac's "Troisième Lune" and been adorned by some of Mr. Adrian Ross's most delightful lyrics. Lastly the artistic singing of Miss Denise Orme and Mr. Farkoa, especially in the delicious "Doves" duet; the dainty dancing of Miss Gabrielle Ray (in a boy's part), and the drollery of Mr. Emney and Mr. Berry are all notable features of the production. When the comedians have elaborated their parts and Miss Orme has learnt to act as well as she sings, "See-See" will be the brightest as well as the prettiest musical comedy in town.

The New Palace Steamers announce that their full service commenced on the 23rd inst., and on the 24th the *Koh-i-Noor* began to run from Tilbury to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover and back. Special trains run from Fenchurch Street and St. Pancras, calling at intermediate stations, to Tilbury. On Saturdays the *Koh-i-Noor* will make two trips to Margate and back.

The dispatch of the P. and O. Company's cruising yacht *Vectis* on July 11 from Tilbury will afford one of the rare opportunities for a pleasure cruise to Polar seas, although the greater portion of the voyage will be in warmer weather among the fjords lying between Odde and the North Cape. The itinerary, which includes visits to the Lyngen Fjord, Hammerfest, Trondhjem, and also other places of interest, covers a period of twenty-eight days at fares ranging from thirty guineas upwards.



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apparent, not to yourself only, but also to your friends. When these enquire into the cause, you can honestly give them the benefit of your experience should they appear to need it. This is the only form of testimonial the proprietor of BEECHAM'S PILLS is really proud of.

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have gained such a high reputation, have achieved such a colossal sale, that it is hard to realise that thousands of people, to-day, are martyrs to some form of disease easily and completely curable by that particular medicine.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated July 24, 1891) of the RIGHT REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, formerly Bishop of Exeter, of 95, Westbourne Terrace, who died on May 16, has been proved by Mrs. Ellen Susanna Bickersteth, the widow, and the Rev. Samuel Bickersteth, the son, the value of the property being sworn at £17,161. The testator gives £2000, the money in the house and at his bankers up to £1000, the household furniture, and the income from £2000 and from one third of his published works, to his wife. Subject thereto, all his property is to be divided among his children, Emily Rose, Edward, Elizabeth Sarah, Amy, Samuel, Mary Jane, Hugh, Henry Venn, Robert, Ashley, Effie Maud, and Edith.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1905) of MR. THOMAS LOMAX, of Grove Park, Yoxford, Suffolk, who died on April 28, was proved on June 14 by Charles Henry Lomax, John Chadwick Lomax, and Samuel Holt Lomax, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £263,606. The testator settles all his real estate and £60,000 on his son Charles Henry, and he gives to him the furniture, jewels, wines, and live and dead stock; and £20,000, in trust, for each of his daughters and their issue. The residue of the estate and effects he leaves to his four sons, Charles Henry, John Chadwick, Samuel Holt, and Thomas Leech.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1895), with ten codicils, of the HON. MRS. CAROLINE LOUISA BYNG, of Great Culverden,

Tunbridge Wells, who died on April 2, has been proved by Admiral Charles Davis Lucas, Sir Charles Pontifex, and Reginald Duke Hill, the value of the estate amounting to £188,644. The testatrix gives her Streatham property, subject to the payment of certain annuities, to James Byng Gribble; £12,500 each to the daughters of her deceased sister, Mary Ann Gribble; mortgages for about £15,000 to George, Viscount Torrington; £10,000, in trust, for her nephew Edwin Berkeley Cook; £6000, in trust, for her niece Kathleen Mary Pilcher; and other legacies. The presentation plate given to her husband on retiring from the chairmanship of the South Eastern Railway Company and other silver are to devolve as heirlooms with the Torrington estates. The residue of her property she gave to her great-nephew Reginald Duke Hill.

The will (dated July 15, 1904) of MR. JAMES ENGLEBERT VANNER, of Camden Wood, Chislehurst, who died on May 12, has been proved by Charles William Early, James Vanner Early, and Englebert Walton Rowe, the nephews, the value of the estate being £213,765. The testator gives £1000 each to the Children's Home (Bonner Road, N.W.), the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Missionary Society; £500 each to the Wesleyan Home Missionary Society, the Wesleyan London Mission, the Worn Out Ministers and Ministers' Wives' Auxiliary Fund, and the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Society; £15,000 each to his sisters, Sarah Early and Jane Rowe; £1000 each to his executors; £2000 to Lady Chubb, and £1000 each to

her children; £10,000, in trust, for each of his nieces, Sarah Elizabeth Moore and Helen Gilligan; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his sisters, Mrs. Early and Mrs. Rowe.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1902) of MR. ERIC CARRINGTON SMITH, of Stonewick Warminglid, Sussex, and 1, Lombard Street, who died on April 26, has been proved by Lindsay Eric Smith and Beilby Eric Smith, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £226,765. The testator gives his freehold residence to his son Beilby Eric; £2500 to his daughter Lady Margaret Rose FitzRoy; £2500 to his daughter Gertrude Mary Stewart; £5000, in trust, for his daughter the Hon Virginia Katherine Villiers; £100 each to his grandchildren; and £100 each to Dr. Edwin Freshfield and Oswald Streatfield. The residue of his property he leaves as to two-fourths to his son Lindsay Eric; and one-fourth each to his sons Beilby Eric and Algernon Fox Eric.

The will (dated May 10, 1905) of MR. HOWARD CARLILE MORRIS, Alderman for the Ward of Walbrook, of 20, Collingham Gardens, Kensington, and 2, Walbrook, who died on May 15, was proved on June 9 by Mrs. Mildred Emily Morris, the widow, and Spencer William Morris, the brother, the value of the estate being £64,740. The testator gives £300, the household furniture, and £1500 per annum while she remains his widow, to his wife; £100 to J. H. Stanlake; and the residue of his property to his three children, Humphrey William, Dorothy, and Gwendolen.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD PURE  
and the Health of the system will follow.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

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ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, ABSCESSSES, BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SPOTS, BLACK-HEADS, SORES of every kind, BLOOD POISON, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, GOUT, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, &c.

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**NOTE.**—Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial, to test its value.

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**LASTING CURE OF ECZEMA.** Mr. JAMES PETTMANN, of Woodnesborough, near Dover, writes:—"You will recollect my sending to you for six bottles of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' a year ago or more. Well, I am glad to say that I am now quite restored and free from Eczema. I think it must be for ten years that I suffered from it. I was under a doctor for several years, but did not derive much benefit. I should have written to you before, only having had Eczema so badly I thought it would surely break out again, but I am glad to state that it has quite gone."

**ABSCESSSES CURED.** Mrs. CLARK, of 40, North Street, Tunbridge Wells, writes:—"Gentlemen—I had been suffering from abscesses for many years, and after taking four bottles of your Blood Mixture am perfectly cured, and have not had the slightest sign of them since. My little boy also was suffering from the same disease. After giving him two bottles of your medicine he was cured, although at the time he was such an awful sight that I was ashamed for anyone to see him, abscesses being all over his body. You can make whatever use of this testimonial you feel disposed, so that it may reach other poor sufferers far and near, as I think it a remedy that everyone should know."

**SUFFERERS** will find it to their advantage to write to us, in confidence, fully describing their illness; we shall be pleased to give them the best advice free of charge. We will also send copies of many additional testimonials. Write to-day, and address the Secretary, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.

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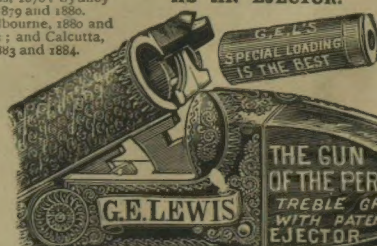
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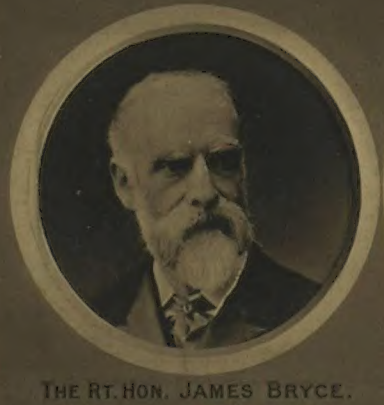
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